

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 23, 1979

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1980 CHEVY

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Photograph taken with a Mamiya M645 by Dennis Marsbury. ©1979 Bell & Howell-Mamiya Company. All rights reserved.



**It would be a pity to use an M645
for ordinary photographs.**

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Stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble vitamins.

Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by stress, your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your usual daily meals provide. During times of continued stress—when your body may be affected in many ways—a vitamin deficiency can develop.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



SAM WEISSMAN. HE DESIGNED ADS FOR THE MOVIES

When Sam Weissman, who draws the cartoons that appear in our SCORECARD section each week, was attending Morris High School in the Bronx in the 1930s, he wanted to run for class officer. But his name, he decided, lacked that certain something that makes voters want to rush out and vote for a candidate, so he sought the advice of a big man on the Morris High campus, one Tobias X. Moskowitz. Moskowitz, perhaps predictably, suggested a middle initial. He himself had already taken X, but Q, he thought, would do very nicely. It did, and Sam Q. Weissman was subsequently elected vice-president of the senior class.

Weissman, now 65, immigrated to the U.S. from Romania at the age of seven, entering New York by way of Ellis Island, and one of his early memories is the sight, on the Lower East Side, of his first full-length mirror. After his graduation from high school, he attended the Parsons School of Design for a year, then transferred to New York University, where he majored in art education. He graduated in 1936.

The Q remained with him. "By that time it was easier to keep it than get rid of it," says Weissman. What was not so easy was making it as a full-time cartoonist. For 35 years he worked as an ad designer for Warner Brothers, Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount and MGM. He created the ads for movies such as *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Moby Dick*, *Casablanca* and *High Sierra*. He was sent to Paris, Rome and London to view films being shot on location. He hobnobbed with Marlon Brando, Mel Brooks and John Huston. But he wasn't having any fun. "I hated

traveling," he says. "I'm afraid of flying. And for me, the movies were a terrible waste of time."

Well, it took a while, but his dream of being a full-time cartoonist finally came true. Two years ago SPORTS ILLUSTRATED hired him to illustrate SCORECARD. Each week, the editor of the SCORECARD section selects the item he considers most suitable for illustration. Weissman is given the text on Friday afternoon and delivers the cartoon by Saturday morning.

The original drawing is later given to the person who submitted the idea for the SCORECARD item. Joe D'Adamo, our Baltimore correspondent, holds the record with 44. Says D'Adamo, "I don't know why, but a great many of my cartoon items are about animals, so now I have a menagerie. Five dogs, two birds, two horses, a squirrel, goat, bear, ant, wolf... maybe it's because of the farmers in my Italian background."

Sam Weissman, whose grandfather owned horses, has a live menagerie of his own, consisting of four dogs and a 21-year-old box turtle. As a model for this week's cartoon he used Patchouli, his 7-year-old sheepdog—although it may be difficult to detect any resemblance between the animal in the cartoon on page 19 and any recognized breed. Well, cartoonists themselves are a breed apart.

"I still can't believe," Weissman says, "that I'm actually getting paid to do something that's so much fun."

Sam Q. Weissman

GENERAL STORE

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Sports Illustrated
IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

VIEWPOINT

by LEONARD KOPPELT

IF THE BULLS AND THE BEARS HAVE YOU
BUFFALOED, TRY OUR FOXY FORMULAS

The theory that cycles of sunspots can be related to the ups and downs of the stock market has been kicked around by economists for about half a century, but with inconclusive results. However, data accumulated over the last 15 years indicate that baseball batting averages and the results of Super Bowl football games are excellent guides to stock fluctuations.

The Baseball Connection—when batting averages go up, the market goes down, and vice versa—has held true for an impressive 12 of the last 14 years. And the Football Connection has a perfect record: 12 for 12. This theory says that when the Super Bowl winner is a team that was originally a member of the NFL, the market goes up when it's a team that started in the AFL, the market goes down. Thus, as soon as the Pittsburgh Steelers and Dallas Cowboys qualified for the Super Bowl last Jan. 7, you could be sure the winner would be an original NFL team, and you should have bought stock, feeling confident that the market index in December 1979 would be higher than it was in December 1978.

No one has offered an explanation for the football pattern, even though a 100% correlation over a 12-year period, with an 11-month lead time in each case, seems a lot more attractive than some of the more orthodox formulas for investment decisions. But a deduction has been advanced for the baseball correlation, which has proved only 86% accurate. It goes this way: when the stock market goes down, hitters stand in there a little tougher against the curveball.

This reasoning is based on the fact that, by the nature of the tasks involved, a major league batter needs more day-in, day-out motivation than a pitcher. Pitchers don't compete every day, and when they do, they are the center of the action and already in a high state of concentration. Besides, a pitcher needs no extra physical courage once he accepts the risk that a ball may be hit back at him.

For hitters, it's different. The natural instinct to dodge a high-speed missile aimed at one's head or body is a handicap that every batter must overcome. It's quite possible a batter overcomes it more thoroughly when he knows his non-baseball investments are going down and feeds a little smug and self-protective when they are going up. And his batting average (as distinct from key hits in dramatic situations) reflects his ability to generate repeated and consistent concentration.

Such a theory assumes that most players have money invested. Since the middle of the '60s, this is probably true. Even as a general pattern there has been a nationwide increase in small investment and specifically in mutual funds, salaries need not say how dramatically.

This assumption implies that the situation was different before the '60s, and history offers some support for this idea. In the 20 years or so preceding 1965, the yearly averages for the stock market and for hitters show just random fluctuation. But between 1920 and 1940, another era in American life when "everybody" was "in the market," the batting-up stock-down correlation held true seven times in 11 years. In the years 1931-41, during the Depression and on into World War II, the theory held true only twice in 11 years.

What does all this really indicate?

Perhaps only that you can pick a Super Bowl winner by studying the sunspots.

Consider these tables:

THE BASEBALL CONNECTION

YEAR	BATTING AVERAGE	CHANGE	STOCKS
1965	.246	Down	Up
1966	.248	Up	Down
1967	.243	Down	Up
1968	.237	Down	Up
1969	.248	Up	Down
1970	.254	Up	Down
1971	.250	Down	Up
1972	.244	Down	Up
1973	.257	Up	Down
1974	.257	Unchanged	Down
1975	.258	Up	Up
1976	.256	Down	Up
1977	.264	Up	Down
1978	.258	Down	Up

from 294

THE FOOTBALL CONNECTION

YEAR	SUPER BOWL WINNER	ORIGINAL TEAM	STOCKS
1967	Green Bay	National	Up
1968	Green Bay	National	Up
1969	N.Y. Jets	American	Down
1970	Kansas City	American	Down
1971	Baltimore	National	Up
1972	Dallas	National	Up
1973	Miami	American	Down
1974	Miami	American	Down
1975	Pittsburgh	National	Up
1976	Pittsburgh	National	Up
1977	Oakland	American	Down
1978	Dallas	National	Up
1979	Pittsburgh	National	Up

* Standard & Poor Index of 500 Stocks

END

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Frank Gifford





Illustration courtesy of Wild Turkey, painting by Ken Martin, 17" by 21", and 50 No. 500-51, 600-51 514, NY 10005

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BOOKTALK

By JONATHAN YARDLEY

FROM CY YOUNG TO SAYONARA, THE SAGA OF SPARKY LYLE AND HIS SLIDER

A provocative and little-noted aspect of baseball writing—whether serious fiction, "inside" gossip or journalism—is that so much of it originates in the bullpen. From Mark Harris to Jim Brown to Pat Jordan, writers of quite sharply divergent abilities and purposes have found in the life of the bullpen a rich source of baseball chatter, humor, lore and ritual.

It's not difficult to see why. Unlike the dug-out, the bullpen is at a distinct distance from the game itself. In the dugout, players and coaches are expected to look for openings in their opponents' strategies and weaknesses on their own, keep pitching charts and other statistics, and conduct a ceaseless battery of inventive against opponents and umpires. But in the bullpen, pitchers, catchers and coaches are free to swap stories, play games and practical jokes, grow gardens, hammer with fans. It's an atmosphere in which easy talk and reverence flourish, and talk, as much as action, is at the center of the most interesting baseball writing.

So it is with the latest bullpen manifesto, Sparky Lyle's *The Bronx Zoo* (Crown, \$8.95), written in collaboration with Peter Golenbock. It is not, in the strict sense of the term, a good book. For one thing, Lyle whines so loudly and so often about his miserable 1978 salary—it was \$135,000—that a murmur is in order. For another, the prose is dreadful throughout; in his preface Golenbock thanks several journalists "for working on and hope-fully improving whatever writing skills I may have," which in itself suggests he wasn't paying much attention.

Yet despite its considerable faults, *The Bronx Zoo* is a lot of fun. Since it is a journal of the New York Yankees' 1978 season, it is bound to be interesting: few teams in baseball history, after all, have come up with such wild chills, spills and thrills as the Yankees did last year. But Lyle makes the tale doubly fascinating because he is a tart, savvy and forthright diarist; he speaks his mind with almost belligerent candor, dishing up both gossip and laughs in abundant measure.

Lyle begins his journal on the day in October 1977 when he learned that he had won the American League's half of the Cy Young Award with a record of 13-5, a 2.17 ERA and 26 saves. He received the news joyfully, but his joy lasted less than a month. Before November was out, George Steinbrenner, the acquisitive Yankee owner, had signed the fur-

continued

How to buy a typewriter.

-Clip and save-

Choosing a portable typewriter isn't hard if you know what to look for. This brief guide will help you make the best choice.

Test the feel. Check the slope and height of the keyboard. Check the size and shape of the keys. Make sure the controls are uncrowded and easy to reach.

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Try the touch. A responsive touch makes for better, easier typing. Look for a touch that is prompt, easy and dependable.

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Listen to the sound—the typewriter is trying to tell you something. If it sounds tinny, beware. This may indicate that the construction is too light.

Note the look of the type. Lines and individual letters should be straight. The impression should be crisp, clean and even. The print quality should not vary over the page.

Check the overall design. Good design is part of good value, so choose an attractive modern instrument. The Smith-Corona shown is an example of classic, good design.

Look at the carrying case. Does it have double walls for air-cushioned protection? Does it have sturdy latches and hinges? The Smith-Corona case does.

Check the price. A typewriter that sells for substantially less than others might be substantially less typewriter. If the price difference is minimal, you're probably better off paying a few dollars extra for the typewriter that tests best.

Ask who makes it. Smith-Corona makes every single typewriter that bears its name, which is not true of most other brands. So consider the maker's reputation. A company that has a solid reputation will still be around tomorrow and in the future to give your typewriter necessary service and maintenance.

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THE 1980 THE OLDSMOBILE



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GOLF

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BOOKTALK continued

midably talented Perseu reliever, Rich Gossage, who is several years younger than Lyle and possessed of "a 100-mile-an-hour heater" as opposed to Lyle's "80-mile-an-hour slider."

As Lyle's teammate Graig Nettles put it, overnight Lyle went "from Cy Young to Sanyouza." Gossage's youth and ability, plus the team's whopping investment in him (\$2.75 million over six years), made it a virtual certainty that he would get the lion's share of the late-inning, tight-situation work upon which a reliever's reputation and earning power rest. Lyle demanded to be traded; he wasn't. Lyle demanded more money; he didn't get it. So he stayed on through the tumultuous season, disgruntled and disaffected; but though he was often out of sorts, he did not let his sense of humor desert him. As *The Bronx Zoo* happily attests.

Bulpen humor, like sports humor generally, tends to be broad, raunchy, macho, sophomoric. It can also be exceedingly funny. Lyle delights in practical jokes, the grosser the better, and the wittiest parts of the book are his descriptions of the outrages that various Yankees have perpetrated against each other. The long-since-departed Fritz Peterson was a master of the art; Lyle's admiration for his talents is self-evident, as reflected in his account of an elaborate ruse Peterson pulled on Thurman Munson involving a mail-order gun holster. There's an even more preposterous Peterson-inspired invention involving Gene Michael's jockstrap and a very large bullfrog. Sure it's strictly from *Animal House*, but if that's your kind of humor, Lyle will make you laugh.

Not surprisingly, Lyle reserves his least flattering words for Reggie Jackson and George Steinbrenner. Though from time to time he makes an effort to understand Jackson's flamboyant and complicated ego, his fundamental view is that Jackson caters to the writers and places personal considerations ahead of the team's. As for Steinbrenner, in Lyle's relentlessly hostile portrait he comes across as an impatient, insensitive bully who can't leave well enough alone, plays favorites and is summarily harsh to players whose performances fail to satisfy him.

But there are good guys here as well: Catfish Hunter, Munson, Chris Chambliss, Nettles, Elston Howard—and Billy Martin. Lyle is a Martin fan: "Billy Martin treats you like a man. If you do your job, he leaves you alone, whereas most managers don't." This team could never have become what it did without Billy Martin managing it.

The coda to all of this is that after the season was over, Lyle finally got his wish: he is now a Texas Ranger. But he has certainly left the Yankees something to talk about, and his saucy report from the bullpen makes it all the more difficult to think of him as anything except a Yankee.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

LABORIOUS DEPUTE

Last August, players in the North American Soccer League voted 271 to 94 to be represented by a union headed by Ed Garvey, executive director of the NFL Players Association. A week later the National Labor Relations Board duly recognized Garvey's NASL Players Association as the players' exclusive bargaining agent. This supposedly obliged NASL owners to negotiate with the new union, but they refused. The NLRB will hold a hearing into the matter on May 4, and protracted legal action seems likely.

Unwilling to wait for the matter to inch through the courts, the union called a strike last week after its membership approved such an action by a vote of 252-113. But the question remained: How many players would actually stay on the sidelines during Saturday's full schedule of 12 games? Foreign players comprise 55% of NASL rosters and to help them make up their minds, Garvey circulated a reminder from the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service that by law aliens working during a strike are subject to deportation. For their part, owners combed the sandlots for what they called "contingency" players.

As things turned out, all games were played, with 17 of the NASL's 24 clubs at or near full strength. Before a 5-2 defeat at the hands of the Tulsa Roughnecks, Yugoslavs on the Rochester Lancers urgently phoned to find out if countryman Vladislav Bogicevic had taken the field for the Cosmos against the Atlanta Chiefs. Bogicevic had done so, so the Rochester fence-straddlers went ahead and played, too. But seven clubs were seriously depleted by the strike. When 16 of 23 players of the aptly named Fort Lauderdale Strikers failed to appear for a game against the Washington Diplomats, Ron Newman, the club's 44-year-old coach, played, coughing and panting, alongside his 21-year-old son Guy, a reserve defender who had also been called into action be-

cause of the strike. The Strikers lost 4-0.

It remains to be determined whether any foreign players who crossed picket lines—and most did—will be deported, but by eagerly raising the possibility, Garvey scarcely advanced the cause of harmony within his fledgling union. On the other hand, Derek Carroll, president of the New England Tea Men, didn't distinguish himself when he said on behalf of the owners, "We're all in favor of a union, but not this union." The fact was that Garvey's union was the one selected by the players and, like it or not, owners in every other major sport negotiate with unions of their players' choosing. At a time when it is claiming to be the pro league of tomorrow, the NASL's labor practices somehow seem very reminiscent of yesterday.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONNECTION

Five South Africans who expected to run in the Boston Marathon were banned from officially doing so after the AAU warned the marathon's organizers that their presence would make other participants ineligible for international competition. South Africa belongs to neither the Olympic movement nor the International Amateur Athletic Federation, having been drummed out of both because of its apartheid policies.

This raises the question of how the University of Alabama's Jonty Skinner and Villanova's Sydney Maree, both South Africans, managed to compete in recent years in the AAU swimming and track championships, respectively. AAU Executive Director Ollan Cassell offers a rather complicated explanation. He says that while South Africans may participate in the U.S. in strictly domestic competition or in college meets, they may not take part in "international competition." Because swimming authorities define international competition as only those events in which athletes represent their countries, Skinner was able to enter AAU championships as a member of

his club, Central Jersey Aquatics. The rule in track is more restrictive, banning South Africans regardless of whom they represent. But Cassell says that when Maree ran for the Philadelphia Pioneers in the 1978 AAU championships (he was runner-up in the 1,500-meter run to Steve Scott), officials didn't realize he was a South African. The fact that Maree is a black South African may have contributed to the oversight. At any rate, Cassell says, "He shouldn't have been allowed to compete. It was a mistake."

A BLEAT FOR THE SHEEP MEADOW

New York's Central Park contains an open grassy area known as the Sheep Meadow that is frequented by kite flyers, picnickers, strollers, stargazers, folk dancers, cross-country skiers, lovers, softball players and muggers. What the Sheep Meadow doesn't have is sheep. Sheep used to graze there and were penned in a sheepfold at the edge of the park, but city officials banished the animals in 1934. The sheepfold has since



been converted into a posh restaurant, Tavern on the Green.

The other afternoon, in a promotional stunt staged by Viking Press, publisher of a new book entitled *The Last Shepherds*, sheep-dog trials were held in the Sheep Meadow. Such trials evolved in Scotland as a means of testing a dog's skills at herding sheep. A dozen border collies and their handlers were in Central Park, as were 30 Dorset sheep imported from Maine. The object was to determine how fast a dog could herd three sheep through a series of gaes, over a wooden bridge and back into their pen. Handlers could shout instructions to their dogs or use whistles or hand signals.

continued



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on the PGA
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#1 means the most played ball according to official ball counts.

Titleist.® 1 ball in golf.

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BALL IN
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HOW TO SLOW THE RATE OF INFLATION

A VOLUNTARY PROGRAM WILL WORK, IF EVERYONE VOLUNTEERS.

General Motors has promised President Carter to keep within the wage/price standards he has set for large corporations. And we will keep that promise. Because it is the wish of the President, and because we believe he has embarked upon a comprehensive program that can succeed, given time and consistent dedication.

Everyone must help. President Carter has promised to reduce government spending, to reduce federal deficits, and to reduce government regulation. He is lessening the inflationary pressures of government on the economy. The budget he has submitted for fiscal 1980 is prudent. It will make a difference.

Obviously, the rate of inflation during recent months is still distressingly high. The need for everyone to follow the President's standards is more urgent than ever.

We have written to our suppliers, informing them of GM's commitment and asking them all to make the same commitment. We have also urged the chief executive of-

ficers of the top 500 U.S. corporations to send similar letters to their suppliers. In advertising, we are advising our customers to shop carefully, to get the most value for their dollar.

Inflation hurts everyone: rich and poor, big business and small, wage earners and, most dramatically, retirees and other people living on fixed incomes. The real value of everyone's income declines at exactly the same rate, whether it's the paychecks of our employees or the dividends we pay to stockholders or the checks received by people on pensions or social security. No one is spared.

The President has asked that wasteful regulation be eliminated and that the discipline of cost/benefit analysis be applied to all government regulation. Now, business must follow his lead, and not only major corporations, but all business.

Labor leaders, confident that business will follow the standards, can then ask understanding and flexibility in demands from union members. Consumers, too, can make a difference, buying carefully, shopping for the best values, using their market power to keep down the prices of everything, from commodities to cars.

The Joint Economic Committee of Congress has en-

dorsed the voluntary program and called for incentives to increase investment and productivity. The consensus of this bipartisan group was that mandatory price and wage controls must be avoided. Experience proves such controls discourage investment, create shortages, and slow economic growth. Moreover, when such controls are removed, inflation returns at a more rapid pace than ever.

The inflation problem can be solved, but it will require perseverance, restraint, consistency, and the understanding of all concerned that small sacrifices now will spare us from severe sacrifices in the future. President Carter has set the course. We have only to follow his lead.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

In 1885, the Franklin family was just beginning. So was their need for electricity.

The Franklin family, Ann and John, were married in 1879, the year Edison invented the incandescent electric light bulb. They set up housekeeping in a gas-lit brownstone row house.

But in the early 1880s, when Edison's first power station began generating, electric light became a possibility. It was bright, safe, clean and very exciting.

By this time children were coming along for the Franklins, and it seemed like electric lights might make a difference for them. So the Franklins became pioneers; they had electricity installed.

New ideas need more electricity.

Little did they know what a difference electric power would make, for their own children and for the rest of the country. Lights expanded the day so everyone's curiosity, imagination and productive energy had

more time to work.

Ever since then we've been creating and planning and building things that use electricity, always with confidence that the electric companies would make the power we need.

Demand for electricity keeps growing.

Everyone knows we need to conserve power, and we will. But our country needs jobs and growth. So the demand for electricity will continue to grow into the future, along with families and work and dreams.

Our future will hold things like the electric car, and we'll manufacture electricity from new sources of energy, such as the earth's heat and the sun.

The electric companies are working on new sources of energy while they steadily produce with the old. Making electricity takes a lot of work—always has and always will.

Electricity is America's manufactured resource.

Edison Electric Institute
The association of electric companies





The sheep didn't cooperate. Most of them balked at going onto the course and had to be prodded, sometimes strenuously. During the turn of Rob Roy, a champion 5-year-old owned by Maurice MacGregor of Bow, N.H., one of the sheep flopped down and refused to budge. MacGregor finally lifted its hindquarters to get it moving. The event was won by Spain, handled by Lewis Pence of Sidney, Ohio. He ran his sheep through the course in 3:14, an impressive clocking considering the recalcitrance of the animals he had to work with.

Might the sheep have been spooked by the bagpipe music that opened the festivities? Might they have been bothered by spectators? Whatever, author David Osterbridge, who collaborated with photographer Julie Thayer on *The Last Shepherds* and who was the P.A. announcer for the trials, wound up sheepishly admitting, "The problem is that the sheep don't like the Sheep Meadow."

ROLLING RIGHT ALONG

If you don't think that roller skating is all the rage these days, look what's happening in the funky seaside Los Angeles community of Venice. Roller skaters by the hundreds are overrunning the town, barreling along streets and sidewalks four, five and six abreast. They are also illegally using the bicycle paths. As a result, the Los Angeles Police Department has put patrolmen on bicycles to chase down offenders and issue tickets. The skaters in turn are voicing a demand that is sure to be echoed elsewhere. They want the city to put in roller-skating paths.

MUTE ON BUTE NO LONGER

Nick Jemas, managing director of the Jockey's Guild, has broken the union's long silence on the use of Butazolidin and other pain-easing substances at racetracks. Noting that four jockeys were killed last year and 1,500 others seriously injured, many of them in accidents involving medicated horses, Jemas blames such drugs for an "increasing parade of lame, sore, worn-out and completely exhausted horses." He adds, "These drugs appear to have been seriously abused for selfish gain. There has been complete inconsideration of the crippling danger to jockeys and horses."

One of the four jockeys killed last year was Robert Pineda, who was fatally injured at Pimlico when a horse named Easy Edith snapped a leg and Pineda's

mount, Easter Bunny Mine, tripped over her. Easy Edith had been administered Butazolidin, and although Bute is legal in Maryland, Pineda's family has filed a \$10 million suit in the U.S. District Court in Baltimore, accusing the owner, trainer and track of negligence. According to the plaintiffs, Butazolidin anesthetizes a horse, thereby posing "a great danger to all other horses and to all jockeys because such a horse cannot respond normally and properly to its own injuries." Trial has been set for October.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

In 1974 the International Olympic Committee faced up to reality—namely, that amateur athletes must eat, too—and ruled that they could be paid for any time lost at work because of training. The IOC also created a possible source of revenue for such payments by allowing amateurs to appear in commercials so long as the fees went to their national federations. It was left to the world governing body for each sport to implement these changes, and the Fédération Internationale de Ski promptly did so. Skiers had long received payola from equipment manufacturers, but now money began changing hands openly. Today American stars like Cindy Nelson and Phil Mahre appear in equipment ads that yield revenue for the U.S. National Ski Team, which in turn pays athletes expense money and what is, in effect, a salary.

There has been no such upheaval in track and field, where under-the-table payments are still common practice. The International Amateur Athletic Federation didn't get around to implementing the IOC rules until 1976, and only now has the AAU, which governs the sport in the U.S., devised a scheme for taking advantage of them.

The AAU's first venture into athlete endorsements involves distance runner Frank Shorter, who will appear in ads for Hilton Hotels Corp., which will pay a \$25,000 "sponsorship fee" to the AAU. Shorter will be rewarded only in a roundabout way: he will be on the Hilton payroll as a consultant and will make public appearances for the hotel chain.

Other companies undoubtedly will be willing to pay the AAU for the privilege of using big-name athletes in advertising, too. AAU officials say that the resulting revenues will go to track clubs and their members. Meanwhile, the athletes appearing in the ads presumably will be free

to work out deals with sponsoring companies, as Shorter did with Hilton. Hank Tauber, director of the U.S. Alpine ski team, says that his federation's endorsement arrangements with equipment manufacturers "have taken a lot of the hypocrisy out of our sport." If the AAU's sponsorship program succeeds in doing the same in track, that would be quite an achievement. If it helps finance the U.S. Olympic effort, so much the better.

THAT SUNKEN FEELING

At last report Virginia Annable of Brookhaven, N.Y., was in a pickle (SCORECARD, March 19). Thieves had taken her 1966 Volkswagen for a joyride on then-frozen Great South Bay, which separates Long Island from its barrier beaches, and had left it to sink, which it inexorably did when the ice melted. The Army Corps of Engineers, calling the sunken car a hazard to navigation, contended that Annable had to hire a barge, crane and diver to remove it. That could have cost as much as \$1,000; Annable, who teaches in a small private school and earns about \$2,000 a year, declined.

Her plight prompted aides of New York Senator Jacob Javits to contact the Corps to see what might be done. The Corps has now agreed to let Annable off the hook and has promised to remove the car. As for who will foot the bill, Everett Chasen, a Corps spokesman, says, "Maybe we'll get some help from Suffolk County. I don't know how the money thing will work out except that the lady won't have to pay."

Now if only the car can be found. The trides have moved it, and the last couple of times crews looked for it, they came up empty. "We'll find it," vows Chasen. "The two days we poked to look, the weather was lousy and we misunderstood the Coast Guard's directions. We know pretty much where it is."

THEY SAID IT

◆ George Raveling, Washington State basketball coach, on Indiana's Bobby Knight: "He's the kind of guy who would throw a beer party and then lock the bathroom door on you."

◆ Steve Fuller, Clemson's senior quarterback, who's trying to choose between a law career and playing in the NFL: "You either have to finesse 12 people who weren't smart enough to get out of jury duty or 11 who weren't smart enough to play offense."

END

GENERAL MOTORS' OPTION OF THE YEAR

THE GM CONTINUOUS PROTECTION PLAN

A great, new comprehensive Continuous Repair Plan.

An option that could save you money with added protection during and after the GM new vehicle limited warranty. For 36 months or 36,000 miles. From \$153 to \$295.



At General Motors, nothing is more important than the continuing satisfaction of our customers.

• We know how proud you feel when you drive your new car home. And because we don't want that feeling to change, we're introducing the GM Continuous Protection Plan. It's a great, new comprehensive option for new cars, light duty trucks and vans not used commercially. It goes beyond GM's new vehicle limited warranty and gives you added mechanical and electrical protection for a total of 36 months or 36,000 miles, whichever comes first. It offers many extra benefits as well, including provisions for rental and towing allowances—all designed to take care of you as well as your car or truck. (Availability in Nebraska to be determined.)

Saves on Major Repair Bills

• GM's Continuous Protection Plan takes care of your car or truck. It pays for repair or replacement of most parts of nine major assemblies including the engine, transmission, front and rear drive axles, steering, front suspension, brakes, electrical system and factory installed air conditioner. There's only a small deductible of \$25.00 per covered repair.

Convenient Service

• Should your vehicle require repair or replacement of any of the assemblies covered by the Plan, simply take it to the dealer from whom you purchased your car or truck, to another GM dealer in the U.S.A. or Canada—or to a service outlet of your choice.

Rental Expense Provision

• During the GM new vehicle limited warranty period, if your car or truck becomes inoperable and is kept in the dealer's service department overnight or longer for work covered in the Plan, there is an expense provision for a rental car up to \$15.00 a day to a maximum of \$75.00 per occurrence. After warranty, the same provisions apply wherever your car is serviced, provided the repairs are covered in the Plan.

For 36 Months or 36,000 Miles, the Cost is Low

• Depending on the make and model, the GM suggested retail price is from \$153 to \$295*.

Your Personal ID Card and

Toll-Free Number

• The ID card lets a toll-free number so you can report trouble from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., seven days a week whenever you are unable to contact a GM dealer. You'll get service instructions on what to do and the dealer service locations nearest you.

GM Pays the Bills

• When your vehicle is repaired by a GM dealer, simply pay the \$25.00 deductible and the balance of your bill will be sent to GM for payment. Repairs can also be performed at any other service outlet with prior approval of repair estimate by GM. Either way, GM pays the bills. The Plan also offers many additional features that could save you time and money.

We're convinced you'll find the Plan one of the smartest options you ever bought. See your GM dealer today for complete information on the Continuous Protection Plan.



*Additional charge for vehicles equipped with optional electronic fuel injection, diesel engines, trip computer and/or vehicles equipped with four-wheel drive. The GM Continuous Protection Plan is also available for 36 months OR 50,000 miles at an additional charge.

Takes care of you as well as your car.

**Continuous
Protection
Plan**

GM

As well as your light duty truck... As well as your van.

DOWNHILL RACER



When Rodgers seemed to have his third Boston in his grasp, the police formed a protective cordon about him, but at the finish (right) he was all by himself

Roaring confidently down the hills of home, Bill Rodgers pulled away from Toshihiko Seko to defend his Boston Marathon title in a U.S. record time

by KENNY MOORE



There are men whose lives are shaped by a hunger for the Boston Marathon, for its tradition, its killing unpredictability, its stature as the pinnacle of American distance running. "The Olympics are there to be tried for," Tom Fleming has said, "but Boston is what moves me. God, I love Boston!"

Thus when Fleming, 27, from Bloomfield, N.J., took the line Monday noon at the head of 7,877 official entrants—and perhaps 3,000 more who so shared his fervor for the 26-mile, 385-yard stretch of rolling road from Hopkinton to the Prudential Center that they were

participating without official approval—he was half out of his head with wanting to run. After only three miles through the spitting, chill rain, Fleming and Kevin Ryan of New Zealand had 40 yards on the jostling pack. By five miles—in 23:40, an average of 4:44 a mile—Ryan was gone and Fleming's lead was 200 yards. "I was afraid of the field," he said later. "I got excited. You know me. I have to run hard."

In the cluster of Fleming's nearest pursuers was another man touched by the magic of Boston, defending champion and record holder (2:09:55) Bill Rod-

continued

ers. Rodgers, 31, understood Fleming. "Don't you just hate marathons that Tom is in?" he called over to his Greater Boston Track Club teammate Randy Thomas. Rodgers knew the pack was running sub-five-minute miles, but he also thought "the cold would slow Tom down." So he waited, running near Frank Shorter, who the Friday before had assisted in the delivery of his first child, Kenneth Alexander Shorter, and who was now laboring himself. "I was stiff after we had barely begun," said Shorter, who would finish 79th in 2:21.56.

Behind, the great warm mass of the race filled the two lanes of Route 135. Though the start was seeded, the narrowness of the road meant that it wasn't until 10 minutes after the gun that the last runner crossed the starting line, and by then the leaders had gone two miles. After that, a marathoner trapped within the dense and jostling caravan found that

four things could happen to his pace, and three of them were bad. If the speed at which he wished to run coincided with that of the humanity around him, he was ushered happily along, gazing at the bare branches passing overhead and the same half dozen moist, nylon-covered backs bobbing two feet in front of him. But if he needed to run just a tick slower, he risked unavoidable kicks and blows thrust at him from behind. If to escape these he kept the common pace, he would tire, ultimately to arrive already exhausted at the ordeal of the hills two-thirds along the route. If he wanted to step up the pace, he had the options of roughly elbowing aside his brethren or darting off the road and running through flower beds and hedges, a costly measure.

Thus the race is fair only to the first eighth, maybe even 10th of the field. The crush so slows the rear thousands that improving their times or simply running to

the best of their ability—becomes impossible. By its own gravity Boston has been diminished.

The qualifying standards Boston uses to limit the field have the effect of compressing it. In the New York Marathon, for which there is no qualifying standard, 46% of last October's 10,000 runners were first-timers. Once on the road, that field stretched through the full range of human abilities. In Boston the requirements—three hours for men under 40, 3:30 for men over 40 and women—chop the bell curve right in half so the pack is far less prone to separate during the race. As well, qualifying for Boston has become a standard of success elsewhere, say in cocktail parties and in boardrooms. "Boston is the Holy Grail," says Bill Squires, Rodgers' coach. "It isn't how well you do, how well you're prepared, but that you finish. 'Did you run Boston?' That's the thing."

"The reason it's so popular is that you have to earn that entry number. Not only that, when the standards were toughened in 1976, it drove more people to turn up and run without qualifying." This rightly infuriates Boston officials. "The people who run without registering look at Boston as an Olympics that anyone can enter," says Squires.

Among the throng at Boston were a few runners of long experience who were horrified at the pressing numbers, but who were there nonetheless. Marshall Stanton, a medical photographer, felt the need to justify his presence. "It's like if you'd had a chance to be in on the collapse of the Roman Empire, wouldn't you have experienced it? This boom is the end of running as we have known it. Now it's plastic foot massagers and one-for-the-road hair driers."

Indeed, exhibitions and trade shows abounded during marathon week in Boston, charging admission for the honor of wandering among books, shoes, cosmetics, treadmills, trampolines, runners' life insurance policies, "Sport scents," "Motion Lotion" and "Running Bras." Magazines competed in the splendor of their receptions and the credentials of their luminaries. Las Vegas opened a betting line on the race. To their credit, the Boston entrants generally ignored or mocked the excesses of free enterprise. "This is a field of experienced runners," said Jeff Darnon of *Running Times*, "and they're becoming adept consumers."

Seko stayed with Rodgers as they passed Brookline (left), only to lose touch after Heartbreak Hill.



One of the most experienced and certainly the most adept was Rodgers. As he ran through the 42nd afternoon, he peered from beneath a soggy watch cap and kept reliving painful experiences. He was queasy at 10 miles, entering the town of Natick, when Don Kardong, fourth in the 1976 Olympic marathon (in which Rodgers was 40th), shot by in pursuit of Fleming. "Oh, Lord, shades of Montreal," thought Rodgers. Into Wellesley, near halfway, Rodgers studied Japan's Toshihiko Seko, who had beaten him in winning the Fukuoka Marathon last December. Rodgers' only full-marathon loss of 1978. "He didn't seem to be breathing hard at all and his stride was light and quick," Rodgers said later. "I shortened mine and felt a little better." He saw Squires in the crowd and gave him a wink. Then Garry Bjorklund, who had driven Rodgers to the limit in the last two New York Marathons, appeared beside him. "I thought, 'Garry has finally learned to run this thing, how to pace himself.' Then suddenly he went crazy."

Bjorklund bolted away from Rodgers and Seko in the Wellesley hills, near the 15-mile point, and quickly passed Fleming for the lead. When Rodgers passed him soon after, Fleming said, "Get him on the hills."

That is just what Rodgers did, carrying the smooth and expressionless Seko with him. At 19 miles they overtook Bjorklund, who said simply, "2:08" as they passed, urging a world record on Rodgers.

At the same point, 20 minutes later, Joan Benoit of Cape Elizabeth, Maine and Bowdoin College overtook Patti Lyons of Quincy, Mass. to assume the lead among women. "I kept thinking, 'Now remember, this is a long race,'" said Benoit, 21, who would drive on through the thickening crowds to finish in 2:35:15, an American record for her sex and the third fastest ever run by a woman. Lyons held on to come in second in 2:38:22.

Over the first and second of the infamous Newton Hills, Rodgers and Seko strained at each other, Rodgers pulling away on the downhill with his longer, bouncier stride, and Seko drawing back into the shelter of Rodgers' right shoulder on the uphill. "My plan was to stay near the front and try to get away when I chose a time," said Seko, a 23-year-old physical education student at Waseda

University in Tokyo. "But Mr. Rodgers never gave me any choice."

Onto Heartbreak Hill itself. Rodgers, who lives in nearby Melrose, Mass., was on terrain he runs twice every day. "Seko didn't know the hills as well as I do," said Rodgers. "That's what got him." That, and the ever increasing pressure Rodgers was applying.

"Until then, I hadn't really thought I could win," Rodgers recalled later. But as Seko fell back—a yard, and then two and then 10 as they crested the hill by Boston College—Rodgers' expression changed. "If I think I can win, ho, am I tough," he said after the race, and down the hill he roared away, bringing emotion to his running for the first time. The crowds, sparse in the early stages, now formed a corridor of dancing, bowling, highly improper Bostonians. At Lake Street, a policeman's horse backed dangerously close, taking out one of Rodgers' motorcycle escorts. "I'm skittish around horses," said Rodgers. "I wouldn't let myself relax. Last year flashed in my mind, how Jeff Wells charged at the end and missed catching me by only two seconds. Seko has run a faster 10,000 meters than I have. I feared another Welshian kick."

Past his running shop in Cleveland Circle, Rodgers was protected by brackets of three motorcycles on each side, the Metropolitan Police slicing hard into the adoring crowd, bringing several dozen spectators angrily down.

Approaching the finish line, Rodgers removed his sodden cap and waved, suddenly boyish after the sternness of his test. With a clenched-teeth grimace, he broke the blue finishing banner in 2:09:27, an American record and the fourth fastest time ever run, jogged a few seconds and turned to embrace Seko, second in 2:10:12, his best ever. Then, to Rodgers' delight, he saw that in third place was Bobby Hodge of his own Greater Boston Club, who had run the race of his life in 2:12:30. So unheralded was Hodge, a 23-year-old shoe salesman in Hanover, Mass., that his number, which at Boston is supposed to reflect one's ranking, was 1066. Fleming kept a death grip on fourth in 2:12:56, and Bjorklund was fifth in 2:13:14. The depth of performance was awesome, 54 men breaking 2:20, until this day a clogging that assured a runner of being billed as world class.



After setting a record, Benoit got a helping hand

Soon the finishers were crushed within the dim reaches of the Sheraton Hotel garage, where they were to retrieve clothes and be given the traditional soupy beef stew. Benoit was blue-lipped, pleading for the loan of a sweatshirt as hers was lost beneath tons of gear brought from the start. "I just want a hot shower," she said. Benoit finally was taken into a back room where there were three showers. All were cold. There were no towels. After her icy shower, Benoit shivered uncontrollably as a woman attendant tried to dry her with a sheet of Mylar. When the attendant looked down she drew in a breath at the sight of Benoit's six black toenails.

In contrast, Rodgers, who was now a rare three-time winner of Boston—he also had triumphed in 1975—recovered quickly and signed autographs in the damp and echoing garage, his patient smile at odds with the historical example of seven-time winner Clarence DeMar, who once cold-cocked a spectator who wanted an autograph while he was running. Rodgers said he could understand that, too. "You can get serious about running Boston," he said. "It has a way of taking possession of your senses, of your life."

END

FUZZY CAME IN LOUD AND CLEAR

No one got a better reception from the gallery at Augusta than amiable Frank Urban Zoeller, who sank a birdie putt on the second extra sudden-death hole to win the first Masters he was ever in **by DAN JENKINS**

It was the first Masters for a lot of things, such as a sudden-death playoff, a near tornado that caused an agonizing delay and the prolonged torture of Ed Sneed. When it was finally over down in one corner of the course, amid the blazing dogwood and azalea, the winner was just about the last man on anyone's mind at the beginning of the tournament and certainly the last man in the field alphabetically—Fuzzy Zoeller. In fact, with only three holes to play, winning the Masters was probably the last thing on Zoeller's mind. But maybe that is the only way it could have happened to a first-time visitor.

There was Zoeller, playing one hole ahead of Sneed and four strokes behind him with just those three holes to go. So Fuzzy finished his business first, making a par, then making a birdie, then saving a par, and after that he got out of the way—now just three strokes down—before something evil grabbed him. This left Sneed, who was merely trying to win his first major title, to face up to the pressure of protecting his lead, as he had been doing more or less successfully all day long—and the result was three terrible putts and three consecutive bogeys. In between there was Tom Watson, paired with Zoeller but not playing well enough to win anyhow, and he came in with three unspectacular pars. Playoff.

Before all of this, equally ghastly and thrilling things had been occurring throughout the afternoon, as they usually do on the final day of the Masters. Such turnabouts are apt to include Jack Nicklaus, and for a while last Sunday they did so again, or until a bogey at 17 kept him from making it a foursome when the sudden death began at the 10th tee.

It was on the second hole of the playoff, the brutal 11th hole, the start of what is known at the Augusta National Golf Club as Amen Corner, with Zoeller, Sneed and Watson all doing wonderful things under the bizarre and unbearable circumstances, that Zoeller out-wonder-fulled everyone else. He made the kind of putt that had refused to drop for Sneed consistently and for Watson occasionally. The winner was a 6-footer for a birdie

on that second extra hole, and it made the carefree Zoeller the first player ever to win the Masters on his first try, if you don't count Gene Sarazen and his double-eagle back in 1935, or Horton Smith, who won in 1934, which happened to

be the first year of the Masters as well.

As is true in most major championships, someone has to lose in order for someone to win. This will be remembered as the Masters Ed Sneed lost as much as the one Fuzzy Zoeller won, for Sneed



not only had that three-shot lead on Zoeller and Watson with three holes to play, but he also had six strokes on Zoeller and at least five on everybody else at the start of the day. Five-stroke leads tend to diminish when you shoot a final-round 76, which was what Sneed did after playing the best golf of anyone through Thursday, Friday and Saturday when he had rounds of 68, 67 and 69.

During these early days Zoeller's name had been mentioned but lightly in Augusta. Frank Urban Zoeller, hence F.U.Z.,

hence Fuzzy, was there because after four years on the tour he had won his first tournament in San Diego back in January. He is a strong, good-natured, long-hitting, bareheaded 27-year-old from New Albany, Ind. who usually manages to grin even when a shot goes wrong.

Zoeller grinned through his earlier rounds of 70, 71 and 69 and said things like, "I just like to play golf, and I think finishing fourth is better than fifth, and finishing 15th is better than 16th."

But after he got through with his leap-

ing around after the sudden-death birdie, he confessed to what had been on his mind back there when he really had no chance at all unless Sneed suffered some major disappointments.

Zoeller said, "I was just trying to stay close to Watson, who's not a bad guy to stay close to."

It was Zoeller's staying close to Watson, who won the Masters in 1977, that got him into the scorer's tent on the 18th hole with a closing round of 70 and a 72-hole total of 280. Watson had continued

Zoeller reacted to his victory by heaving his putter in the air and jumping straight up as Watson (back to camera) and Sneed gloomily surveyed the green



the same total with his four rounds of 68, 71, 70 and 71, during which he spent a good bit of time playing poorly on the par 5s. Going for the 13th and 15th holes in two blows during previous rounds, Watson had put three balls into the water.

In the tent, Zoeller still couldn't give any thought to winning the Masters unless Sneed bogeyed the last hole. Sneed did just that by hitting a poor second shot with a seven-iron, creating a terribly difficult chip shot out of a lie that was about as close to being in the bunker as it was to being out of it. Sneed chipped nicely enough but left himself six feet below the cup and needing the par to win. His putt is still hanging over the edge of the cup and not falling in.

Zoeller had to observe all this in the company of Watson, who had completed his round in a blaze of missed birdie putts. Watching Sneed, Zoeller's caddie said, "He better hit it firm or it'll stay left." Sneed's putt obviously required a minuscule left-to-right break. It broke all but the last 100th of an inch, and the three golfers went to the 10th tee for what would be the third sudden-death playoff in a major championship in the past three years.

An agitated Sneed watches his lead vanish



This was Watson's second loss in sudden death in a major tournament. Only last summer at Oakmont in the PGA he had watched helplessly while John Mahaffey beat him with a birdie putt, so perhaps he's getting used to it. As for Sneed, it was his first chance at even coming close to a major title, so perhaps the loss was all the more crushing, particularly in view of the lead he had held and let slip away.

Sneed is a fine, stylish player who had gone 12 under par in the first three rounds without putting extremely well. He had been the best tee-to-green golfer in the field—he bogeyed only one hole in the first three rounds—and if he had punted as well as an average weekend hacker, he would have won the tournament from the clubhouse to the airport.

The fact that Sneed is capable of hitting splendid golf shots was evident during his whole painful Sunday afternoon. No doubt it was stage fright that caused him to let three strokes erode through the first 10 holes and put Watson and Zoeller—even Nicklaus—in contention. But it was Sneed's inspired iron and bunker play that enabled him to save a par and get back two of those shots with birdies at 13 and 15.

In the playoff, Sneed had to overcome the worst possible frame of mind after throwing it all away. Moving almost immediately to the 10th hole, he hit first off the tee, perfectly. He hit first to the green, also perfectly, to within six feet of the cup. The trouble with this, as far as Sneed was concerned, was that Zoeller and Watson did the same thing. All three had makable birdie putts—and they all came close.

The same was true of their drives at the par-4 11th, where the green is guarded by Rae's Creek. Sneed, who was away, then hit his approach shot first, a shot he later would insist was looking very good "until the wind knocked it down." It went into the back bunker. Watson and Zoeller were both on in two with legitimate birdie possibilities.

On Sneed's third shot he almost accomplished with his sand wedge what he had continually failed to do with his putter. He very nearly holed it out, and this on a shot that he could hardly have expected to get close. Then Watson missed his birdie try. Zoeller didn't.

In reflecting on what it is like to blow a three-shot lead in only three holes for the Masters title, Sneed said,



Plant leg rolled up, Nicklaus gets out of trouble

"I don't feel like I ever lost my composure. On 16 and 17 I hit every shot just like I wanted to. On the two playoff holes I hit every shot just like I wanted to. I did hit a poor second shot on 18 because it was a guessing game. I was trying to bounce in a seven-iron and not get above the cup. The result was that I finished second. Somewhere in there I hope I've learned something."

This was not all of the torture Sneed was forced to undergo in this Masters. Friday was also horrible. He had shot his 68 on Thursday to trail the leader, Bruce Lietzke, by a stroke, but his 67 on Friday was obviously going to give him the 36-hole lead if it could outlast a fierce storm that came lashing across the course just after he finished.

For almost four hours he had to sit in the clubhouse and wait. Play was delayed for two hours, and after it resumed, Sneed had to wait through the drizzle until the entire field had finished at least the first nine holes. Otherwise his 67 would have been wiped out. To appreciate his experience, both then and later on, you have to understand that despite three victories on the regular tour in the

past 10 years, the 34-year-old Sneed was largely known to the golfing world as the other fellow from Columbus, O. He was simply Tom Weiskopf's good friend, and he had been no closer to contending for a major title than, say, Fuzzy Zoeller.

Sneed sat upstairs in the clubhouse and squinted at rain, clouds, drizzle, and finally at various twosomes as they slowly reached the 9th green. It was only after the last group got there, around 6 p.m., that he knew the round was official and that he shared the lead with Craig Stadler, who had shot a 66.

As for Nicklaus, he wasn't a serious contender either until the shadows were falling over those last three crucial holes on Sunday. He was eight strokes back with 18 to play, four under par, and it was only after he did his usual TV thing of dramatizing the 15th and 16th that anyone—including Sneed, Watson and Zoeller—contemplated the possibility of Nicklaus winning his sixth Masters.

At the 15th he put on the top of his rain suit, rolled up his right trouser leg and gouged out a ball from the water onto the green and then rolled in a 15-foot putt for a par. At the 16th he sank

one of those lovely, curling 18-foot birdie putts of his to get himself to four-under for the round and eight-under for the tournament. Still, it was only going to help Nicklaus if Sneed died, which Sneed did, but not just then.

The reason was that Nicklaus had teed off on the final day much earlier than he had in years, exactly 56 minutes and seven groups in front of the tournament leader. So in terms of timing, Nicklaus' theatrics took place just when Sneed was pulling himself back together with a brilliant bunker shot at 12 to save his par and then slipping in the birdies at 13 and 15 to make himself again look like the man who deserved this Masters and was going to get it.

If Nicklaus had known what Sneed was going to do, and that all he would need to get into the eventual playoff was a par-par finish, he might have avoided the horrible wedge shot he hit to the 17th. It boounded down a slope behind the green and cost him a stroke.

In retrospect, you could say that Zoeller won the Masters last Sunday in almost as many places as Sneed lost it. He did, after all, play the last four holes in

two under par, and he did, after all, birdie the second extra hole. And nobody gave him anything on the two playoff holes. In fact, he gave away his putter on 11. In his elation he threw it high in the air and forgot to retrieve it. "I've got another one just like it in the car," he said later.

If you want to go back to the most important shot Zoeller hit to reach the playoff, you have to look to his gamble at the 15th hole. He was 235 yards from the front of the green, over the water, and the wind was straight into his face.

"I had to go for it because I was four shots back at the time," he said. "Now, I'll tell you exactly how far I can hit a three-wood. I can hit it 235 yards without any wind. I don't know how it got there."

Unremarkably, championships are won by shots which get there somehow just as they are lost by putts which somehow don't drop. Zoeller's shot got there at the 15th, and Sneed's putt didn't drop at the 18th.

What's remarkable is that either of them was in a position for either of those things to matter in the Masters. **END**

On Friday, with tornado warnings posted, a vicious rain whipped the course, sending players and spectators fleeing and delaying play for a full two hours.



AN OFFICE PARTY TO REMEMBER

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the object of harsh criticism all season, rose up and powered Los Angeles past Denver by taking charge in the middle—the place Wilt Chamberlain refers to as the “office” by JOHN PAPANEEK



He is still hounded because he is just about the biggest, and for so many years he was unquestionably the best. And now, a few days past his 32nd birthday, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is still haunted by the perception of fans and media people that he can do whatever he pleases on a basketball court—score, rebound, defend—and, by extension, win or lose.

Thus when Abdul-Jabbar's Los Angeles Lakers opened their best-of-three-game mini-series in Denver last week, none of the questions that normally precede a playoff series seemed to be of consequence, at least not in Los Angeles. How the Nuggets would fare with Tom Boswell replacing the injured George McGinnis; how the Lakers' small backcourt would cope with Charlie Scott and David Thompson; how their frontcourt would deal with the outside game of Center Dan Issel; and whether the Lakers could break the mile-high jinx and win for the first time ever in Denver—all seemed trivial. What really counted was: Does Kareem want it?

So in Game 1, which the Lakers lost 110-105, the lingering memories were those of Abdul-Jabbar being outscored by Issel—who is five inches shorter—30-23, the Lakers being outrebounded 45-37, Abdul-Jabbar at times not bothering to run upcourt, and the Nuggets scoring 17 layups off their set offense, rudely penetrating the basket area that Abdul-Jabbar is supposed to keep as secure as Fort Knox.

After this opening performance, Abdul-Jabbar was excoriated in the Los Angeles press. Few other players in the game are treated so badly in their home cities. In Houston, for instance, few want to have Moses Malone's uniform repossessed just because the Rockets were swept by Atlanta in their mini-series. But in Los Angeles they expect Kareem to do it all every game, as though none of the other 10 Lakers ever had a hand in a defeat. Much attention was drawn to the recent remarks of Wilt Chamberlain who, of all people, lashed out at Abdul-Jabbar for being lax in defending what Wilt calls the "office," the 15-by-16-foot lane in front of the opponents' basket.

Abdul-Jabbar and Issel did the bump on more than one occasion in a tense and tough series

"Is it fair?" said Kareem between Games 1 and 2. "Of course not. But I'm a target. Always have been. Too big to miss."

He responded to the acid attack by scoring 32 points and pulling down 12 rebounds—despite playing with five fouls most of the second half—as Los Angeles won Game 2, 121-109. Although many thought it was his finest game as a Laker, coming as it did in the face of elimination, others felt this was simply what Kareem should be doing all the time. But by the time the Lakers came back to finish Denver in Game 3 on Sunday, 112-111, Abdul-Jabbar was again being hailed as the best player in the game. And when was the last time anyone heard that? His numbers were sensational: 29 points on 13-for-19 shooting, 16 rebounds, eight assists and six blocked shots in 48 minutes. Not for a second did he sit, nor did he loaf for a moment on the floor, or gulp oxygen during timeouts as he had in Game 1 to combat Denver's altitude.

"I was very, very tired down the stretch," Kareem said, "but I figured I'd give my all because if we lost there would be no season left anyway." Despite his fatigue, when Norm Nixon passed him the ball with 12 seconds left and the Lakers down 111-110, he determinedly drove across on Issel from the left side of the lane and launched his classic sky-hook. As Thompson described it, "Automatic. Right down the bottom of the basket. Wow!"

But Denver still had a chance when Thompson, who scored 84 points in the series—28 in Game 3—put up a 15-foot jump shot in the final seconds that clanked off the rim. "I followed it and thought I had a shot by tipping it in," he said, "but out of nowhere Kareem came and swatted it away."

After the final buzzer Abdul-Jabbar was jumping up and down and thrusting his fists into the air. "It feels real good to show some people that they're not right," he said.

Kareem's performance in Games 2 and 3 showed clearly the resolution of what Laker Coach Jerry West had called the special problem that Issel created for Abdul-Jabbar. Issel is the best outside-shooting center in the NBA, and he was

at his best Tuesday night in Game 1, hitting 12 of 23 shots outside and inside and taunting Kareem as if he were a chained bull. Issel would hit a couple of unchallenged 20-footers, forcing Abdul-Jabbar a little farther from the basket, at which point—whoosh!—with a lightning first step he would blow by Kareem for a layup. Or Issel would lure the defense to him by driving, then dash off to Boswell who, lounging like a tenant in Kareem's office all night, wound up hitting eight of 10 shots, mostly layups.

It was a game in which all the Laker soft spots were fully exploited, a tribute to Denver's interim coach, Donnie Walsh. None of L.A.'s guards. *continued*

Despite winning, West's future remains cloudy





Thompson's superb play was not quite enough

NBA PLAYOFFS *continued*

not Ron Boone, Lou Hudson or Jim Price, could match Thompson, who flew over the Lakers for 27 points on 11-of-19 shooting, even dunking over Abdul-Jabbar. The 6' 2" Nixon could do little with the 6' 6" Charlie Scott, and the Laker forwards, Don Ford, Adrian Dantley and Jamaal Wilkes, were so obsessed with releasing for the fast break every time a Denver shot went up that their rebounding contributions were negligible.

At the other end, West's decision to start the defensive-minded Ford instead of offensive-minded Dantley only gave Denver the luxury of double- and triple-teaming Abdul-Jabbar every time he touched the ball, and he made only two of six shots in the first half.

Scott crowed that the Nuggets had humiliated a team that "is so much better than us on paper, it's ridiculous."

But West was not laying all the blame, or even most of it, on his center. "We've got to do something else with Isael," he said. "If Kareem plays a normal defensive position, layups just don't happen."

After practice on Thursday in Los Angeles, Abdul-Jabbar looked almost pitiful, nervously and timidly sidestepping people two-thirds his size if they held a notebook or a microphone. "I'm not al-

lowed to have my say around here," he said when finally cornered. "What would it matter anyway? You know, I could have gone outside and played Isael a lot tougher the other night. Is that what they wanted? Good. Then we would have lost by a lot more points. I've got to try to do what Jerry wants. As long as I have to play Isael, I try to stay somewhere in the middle and split the difference. What else can I do?"

The fact of the matter is that this Laker team, assembled by their reclusive and baronial owner, Jack Kent Cooke, not West, is terribly ill-suited to Abdul-Jabbar's game. There is no power forward, the guards can't rebound, and most of the players are either less than competent or overmatched on defense. And their rebounding! During the regular season the five Laker playoff starters together had 32 fewer offensive rebounds than Houston's Malone.

"Jamal plays his heart out," says Abdul-Jabbar, "but he weighs 190 pounds. A.D. [Dantley] is 6' 5". He can't guard someone 6' 8". I've got to rebound and I've got to guard Isael and I've got to score and I've got to . . . you see? It's impossible to do everything. A radio guy said, 'Kareem, if you played 100% every night you'd be unbeatable.' I said, 'One hundred percent of what?' I fully believe that accomplishing 100% of what people expect of me is absolutely impossible. That's why when I see those adolescent comments by Wilt Chamberlain I have to say it's very easy to talk like that when you don't have to play every night."

Though West is prone to let and/or get the best of him, Kareem is usually the last player to drive West to throw up his hands in disgust. "Believe me," he says. "If every player understood and cooperated like Kareem we'd have far fewer problems. Him you only have to tell once. We're not a super team. We have glaring weaknesses. People blame Kareem for everything, if they're not blaming me. This team has averaged 48 wins over the past three seasons, and I'll tell you what. I don't care if he's at the top of his game, pass it or underneath it—without Kareem we don't beat anybody. This team just doesn't complement him at all."

Which is why West probably won't be coaching the Lakers next season. "I don't need this," he says. "I can't take it. Sometimes I think I'm a hell of a coach. But sometimes I think I stink."

On Friday night he was a genius. He

made the expected move of switching Abdul-Jabbar's defensive assignment from Isael to Boswell, and put Ford on Isael. Kareem scored six of the first eight Laker points, but in defending his office, he picked up three fouls in the first 4½ minutes. Still, by the end of the first quarter the Lakers led 29-22. Kareem was 5 for 5, and Isael and Thompson, who was being guarded by Boone, had one field goal each.

When Ford's shift as Isael's personal mugger ended, Wilkes moved onto him, and off the bench came Dantley. In six minutes A.D. scored 16 of 17 Laker points. But when Dantley cooled off, so did Los Angeles, because Abdul-Jabbar was trying to avoid foul trouble. A 43-32 lead dipped to 49-47 at halftime as Thompson finally shook Boone for three late baskets.

Thompson was fired up because he was taking a beating—a first-period collision with Boone opened up a gash over his right eye—yet he had not once been to the foul line. He hit two more quick baskets in the third quarter to put Denver ahead 51-49. But the game seemed to reach a turning point when Isael picked up his fourth foul and left the game for Kim Hughes with 1:27 gone in the third quarter.

Before West could exhale in relief—within nine seconds to be exact—Abdul-Jabbar had been whistled for his fourth and fifth fouls. Another turning point? Absolutely, but only because West had no intention of removing Kareem from the game. "I knew it was a big gamble," said West, "but at this time of the year you have to go with your best players. Kareem's so smart I knew I could count on him to make the right moves."

"I didn't know how long I could last," said Abdul-Jabbar, "but on this team I have to stay in the game."

In the ensuing 3½ minutes the Lakers ran a 12-2 spurt, and the enraged Kareem had a hand in every Laker point. Twice he made ferocious drives to draw fouls; he grabbed three rebounds; he assisted Ford on a short jumper, he stole the ball from Anthony Roberts to trigger a fast break.

"I wish he didn't have the five fouls," said Denver Assistant Coach George Irvine. "They let him do anything he wanted after that."

The Lakers had a 68-58 lead when Abdul-Jabbar finally sat down. But Thompson promptly hit three straight long

continued

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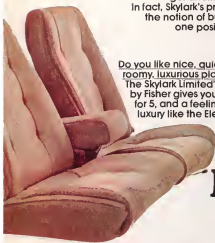
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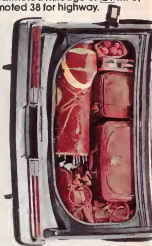




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jumpers and Issel scored twice to bring Denver to within three, 76-73. Shots went up at a dizzying rate in the fourth quarter and, with Kareem back in his office but staying out of harm's way, the Nuggets ran five layups right at him. The Lakers managed to stay on top, 104-101.

Although Dantley and Wilkes would finish with 25 and 26 points respectively—up from 15 and 17 in Game 1—and Nixon would chip in 16 assists, Abdul-Jabbar scored enough points in the final 3:22—eight—to win the game, well, all by himself.

Denver's locker-room sentiments naturally centered on the officiating. "Look at David," said Walsh. "He's bleeding from the mouth and eye, he scored 29 points and makes one trip to the foul line all night. It's a joke."

"All I know," said Thompson, "is that I got more stitches than free throws."

In the Los Angeles locker room a rare guest, Jack Kent Cooke, greeted Abdul-Jabbar. "Oh," said Cooke as Kareem looked at him oddly. "did you already know who I was? You played with such skill and consummate adroitness with those five bloody fouls on you. Really and truly I'm wonderfully proud of you today."

Across the room, Boone watched the scene. "Now there's a man who just doesn't get enough credit. Ever."

"Cooke?" he was asked.

"No, Kareem."

Back in Denver on Sunday, Abdul-Jabbar got all the credit he deserved. He combined his deadly hook-shooting with crosscourt scoring passes to Wilkes (23 points), who was left alone time and again when the Nuggets doubled up on Kareem. As in Game 2, West shuttled Dantley and Ford superbly—Dantley for offense (26 points) and Ford for defense. Next to Abdul-Jabbar's domination of the final two games, Ford's defensive job on Issel was the key to the series. (Issel, of course, still had to guard Abdul-Jabbar.)

Said Issel, "Kareem's the best center in the NBA today. What he did tonight only proved it again."

The Lakers and Abdul-Jabbar take their act to Seattle this week, where they will face one of the strongest front lines in basketball. Abdul-Jabbar certainly knows how tough the Sonics can be.

"Maybe I've silenced some people who were not satisfied with my game," he said. "But only for the moment. It only goes moment to moment."

END

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THE KEY TO THE CASE IS MISSING

Even now, no one can say whether Kenny Stabler was involved when cocaine in a key case was used to set up a sportswriter for a drug bust

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



Stabler invited the writer to Gulf Shores, Ala. in order to "spill my guts" about Oakland's dismal season

In the annals of crime the Case of the Scared Sportswriter may not rank up there with the Brink's Job, yet it created a winter-long furor nationwide. The case ultimately involved the FBI, the attorney general of Alabama, the commissioner of the NFL and several excited and often error-prone reporters. It called into question the reputation and possibly the livelihood of a \$342,000 quarterback, the honor of a small-town police chief, the judgment of a badly frightened journalist from *The Sacramento Bee*, as well as the economic stability and public image of a lush little Alabama resort called Gulf Shores.

The case had its inception on Mon-

day, Jan. 22, 1979. That day the man from the *Bee*, Bob Padecky, 32, arrived in Gulf Shores after covering the Super Bowl in Miami. An award-winning reporter, Padecky writes about major league sports in the San Francisco Bay Area, a plum assignment on the *Bee*. This includes the Oakland Raiders. Padecky was in Gulf Shores to get an exclusive interview with Kenny Stabler, the Raider quarterback. Stabler grew up in the town of Foley, Ala., just across the bridge from Gulf Shores, and now spends his off-seasons on nearby Ono Island.

In a 2 a.m. call to the *Bee* on Jan. 17 Stabler said he would tell all to Padecky about his season of discontent, in which

the Raiders had a dismal (for them) 9-7 record. In talks with Padecky and others, owner Al Davis had blamed Oakland's collapse mainly on his quarterback. Stabler said that one reason he chose Padecky "to spill my guts to," rather than a reporter from a larger, more prestigious publication, was to counter Davis' remarks directly. Another reason, Stabler said, was that he had been irked over articles Padecky had written early in January after a trip to Gulf Shores and Foley.

"He came to talk with local people about me," said Stabler at the time. "He tried to con them into saying bad things about me. He asked how much I drink, what kind of citizen I am. . . . He relent-

lessly stayed on me and I couldn't figure why. I finally called during [the week of the Super Bowl] and told him to come down...."

Whatever Stabler's motive for granting the interview to Padecky, one thing that *didn't* happen on Jan. 22 was an interview between Padecky and Stabler. After three different meetings with Stabler in three different bars, Padecky had gathered no useful information, although he had met some of Kenny's close friends. They included 245-pound Billy Walker, who played center at Alabama, and Randall Watson, 36, who had served time in Mississippi for bank robbery in 1971 and recently had pleaded guilty to charges of trying to extort \$75,000 and the bill of sale for a four-wheel-drive vehicle from an Alabama telephone company executive on the threat of publicly accusing the man of committing adultery with, er,

well, Mrs. Randall Watson, who was also indicted.

Most of Padecky's time in the bars was spent either waiting for Stabler or listening to Stabler harangue him for his journalistic shortcomings. At about 2:30 p.m. Stabler had disappeared once again and Padecky was alone at the Silver Dollar Lounge. A waitress told him Stabler had called and would meet him at B F's restaurant. "By then," Padecky wrote later, "I was convinced this was more than a routine runaround. Still, the story seemed worth the trouble."

The story was worth nothing but trouble. Padecky pulled out of the Silver Dollar lot in his rented Mercury and drove about 30 feet before being hemmed in by two squad cars, a motorcycle and a quartet of Gulf Shores' finest, led by Chief James Maples. Padecky was spread-eagled on his car, searched and



Bob Padecky, the victim, says, "I was terrified."

Laid-back Gulf Shores certainly "ain't no Monaco," but it's not really the Redneck Riviera either



handcuffed, while Sergeant A. D. (Cotton) Long reached under the left front fender of the car and removed a magnetic metal key case containing white powder.

Padecky was taken immediately to the police station, a squat, boxy building made of cement block and containing four cells. The man from the Bee was put in cell No. 1—the others were empty—while the police conferred about the case. Moments later, Long went to Padecky's cell and asked him, according to Padecky's account in a copyrighted story, "Tell me what happened before you were arrested."

Padecky wrote, "I started to talk about my bizarre afternoon in search of Kenny Stabler."

"I had hardly begun when Long said, 'Come with me.'"

"We went to see ... Maples in his office."

"Chief, listen to what he's got to say," said Long. "I think he's been set up."

"I completed my story. Long turned to Maples and said, 'Chief, I'm no expert, but this is a setup if I ever saw one.'"

Five minutes after Padecky had been locked up, he was released and told that everyone had concluded he was the victim of a setup and that no charges would be filed against him.

While Padecky was in jail, the phone in the police station rang. The caller identified himself as a bail bondsman and asked if bail had been set on Padecky. Maples said bond had not yet been set—and the caller hung up.

Chief Maples then suggested that Padecky might help catch those who had set him up if he would cooperate by parking his car in the lot of the Holiday Inn, where he was staying. The police would stake out the car in the hope that whoever had planted the white substance (presumed, at that point, to be cocaine) might return to see if it was still under the fender. Padecky agreed, and spent an hour and a half waiting in Room 114 of the Holiday Inn with Maples. No one approached the car, and that evening Maples escorted Padecky to the airport in Pensacola. They shook hands and parted warily.

Those are the bare facts. From this point on, matters become confused.

For one thing, it was intimated that perhaps the police were involved in the setup of the writer. This suggestion was so offensive to Maples that he and the mayor of Gulf Shores, Mixon Jones, a real-estate man (as are three of the five members of the city council), asked the state attorney general's office to send in investigators to be sure there was no such wrongdoing. The resulting report stated that the police were not implicated.

But then how did they know it was a setup so quickly? Says Maples, "Sergeant Long took the call that gave us the tip-off on Padecky. It sounded like an open-and-shut case, but that made us suspicious. You never get a tip that perfect. ... So we were pretty sure it was a setup as soon as we completed the arrest."

Who arranged the setup, then, and was Stabler involved? Maples says, "I don't even have a suspect whose name I can mention. I have never said I suspected Kenny was a part of it. It has been re-



Padecky was en route from the Silver Dollar to B & B's when the tipped-off police apprehended him and found the cocaine

ported that Kenny and I are real close drinkin' buddies, but that's not true. He's a friend, but we don't hang around each other that much. He never gives us any trouble. He's real low-key around here. Kenny might have done it, he might not have done it. I'd be a fool to say for sure."

The attorney general of Alabama, Charles Graddick, investigated the matter, and he says, "If you could convict on speculation, we'd have a pretty good case. But that's not the law."

Some speculation revolved around Randall Watson, because he had indeed asked Joyce Dykes, a waitress who works at a Gulf Shores restaurant called Lefty's, to buy him a magnetic key case precisely like the one found under Padecky's fender. The reason, Watson told the *Mobile Register*, was that he was constantly locking his keys in the car and wanted an extra set available. Yes, indeed, that was true, confirmed Dykes, who reportedly said, "He locked himself out of his car about a thousand times. We were all teasing him about it all the time." Watson, in fact, showed a reporter that he still had the key case he bought for him, but a receipt showed that she had apparently bought two of them. Dykes has refused to discuss the matter further, and Watson is the only person involved in the case who has refused to be interviewed by Graddick's investigators. "With the evidence we have now," says Graddick, "we can't convict anyone. But we'd still like to talk to Watson."

As for Stabler, he said of the suggestion that he was involved in the setup, "I know absolutely nothing. He [Padecky] is implying that I invited him down here so he could get busted. He is sadly mistaken. I don't stoop to those kinds of measures." Padecky himself says he didn't imply anything. He said not long after the incident, "Who set me up, I don't know. I want to make that more than perfectly clear."

The FBI carried out what it called a "cursory" investigation of the arrest to determine whether Padecky's civil rights had been violated. Donald H. Roberts, the assistant agent in charge of the FBI office in Mobile, says, "We instituted inquiries into Mr. Padecky's arrest and subsequent police escort out of town. This is a routine procedure, and I believe our source was newspaper accounts. As far as I know, no one made a request that



Chief Maples still does not have any suspects.

we investigate. Our investigation was very cursory. If the Department of Justice feels a full-scale investigation is warranted, they will order one and we will perform it."

The NFL was ultimately involved because of Stabler. Commissioner Pete Rozelle made several statements. At first he promised that the NFL would "scrutinize" the situation. Later Rozelle said that the case had been "investigated" and the NFL was able to say there was "no problem" of any complicity in the setup on the part of Stabler. Most recently, Rozelle issued this brief statement: "We obtained all available information from Alabama law-enforcement officials concerning the Gulf Shores incident and have no plans to look into it further."

However, neither the Gulf Shores police nor the state attorney general nor the FBI gave any report to the NFL. Indeed, as far as they know, none of these agencies has even been contacted by the NFL—nor have Padecky and his lawyer, nor Stabler and his lawyer, nor anyone else closely involved with the case.

An element that was not clear until about two weeks after Padecky's arrest was whether or not the laboratory found the white powder in the key case to be cocaine. The powder was indeed cocaine, at least partly, for it was diluted. Of the .71 gram of powder about one-third was cocaine, with a street value of less than \$100. If this was indeed a "prank," whoever set up Padecky was playing a dangerous game; the reporter would have been just as discommoded if the key case

had been filled with sugar. Had the affair backfired, Padecky—or, for that matter, the pranksters—could have been charged with a felony: possession of cocaine, which, in Alabama, could have resulted in a two-to-15-year jail term.

In any case, whoever wanted to frighten Padecky succeeded beyond their meanest dreams. The day after his arrest, Padecky filed a first-person story to the *Bee* that was fraught with cold fear. He termed it "the most terrifying day of my life" and went on to relate, "With my hands handcuffed behind me, I was driven to the Gulf Shores police headquarters. On the way, the officer read me my rights. I was terrified. My stomach was heaving. My palms were clammy. I am 32 years old and the closest I have ever been to a jail was my television set." That story received front-page play in many papers across the country.

Two days later, on Page One of the *Bee*, another article by Padecky appeared under the headline: INTIMIDATION LETS NEW MEANING IN A JAIL CELL.

He wrote of his five minutes in jail: "... I was alone in that cell. With my emotions. With the graffiti. With my life flashing before my eyes. 'Padecky, is this how it's going to end? Right here, under a sketch of a naked woman? My career, my life. Right now?'"

"This is intimidation, this is Fear. A concrete cell. An unflushable commode that stunk from previous tenants. A sink that spat out water under protest.

"I began to shake in my bunk. It was warm that day and yet I felt I was in Min-

continued

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Dodge Diplomat (all models—2-dr., 4-dr. and Wagon) Special Sound Value Package includes AM/FM monaural radio, rear seat speaker, color keyed seat belts (standard on Medallion), deluxe windshield wipers, luxury steering wheel, Halogen high beam headlamps, premium wheel covers (standard on Medallion), vinyl roof (standard on Salon and Medallion 4-dr., not available on Wagon), body side tape strips (standard on Salon and Medallion, not available on Wagon), dual remote mirrors, front bumper guards, and front and rear rub strips.

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Chrysler. Dodge. Plymouth.



nesia. . . I pulled the sheet—my crude blanket—tighter. I still shook. I looked down at my body. It was having fits. I have never seen anyone receive an electric-shock treatment, but it must look like what I saw. My shoulders, my legs, my toes, even down to my last metatarsal—I was quivering everywhere.

"Then I remembered my 'crime.' Cocaine. That's what they said they'd found . . . I overheard someone say it'd get you seven to 12 years. . . .

"I began to add. I'd be able to write again in 1991. . . . I switched to another fantasy. I wondered if the Raiders would still be playing football in 1991. . . . The dread increased. I became frightened. What would this do to my parents? God, how could I ever explain?"

"I felt like hell. When the cell door opened and the police led me out, I couldn't believe my wristwatch: only five minutes had elapsed."

Recently, Frank McCulloch, the managing editor of the *Bee*, admitted, "We overwrote the story. It was pretty florid. In retrospect, I think we could have exercised more discretion."

There was other overheated writing about the incident. A team of Miami *Herald* reporters wrote the day after the arrest: "Armed with machine guns and shotguns, an eight-man police squad kept Paddecky under guard in a dark motel room for 90 minutes. . . . They told Paddecky that reporting what had happened not only might get him killed, but would ruin the investigation. . . . Paddecky said the chief sat beside him on the hurried 40-minute midnight drive to Pensacola in the rented Mercury. "He was cradling a machine gun in his lap. He told me if any cars should come by, I should stop on the curb. He would pop out and spray them." There were five officers on the trip. When they said goodbye to Paddecky at Pensacola airport, they repeated an earlier warning not to write anything. . . ."

Of course, a "machine gun" may exist in the eye of the beholder and a "warning" may be a matter of interpretation. Maples, red-faced and broad-chested, is a tough-looking customer who turns out to be a friendly, even bombastic, sort of salesman bent on singing the glories of Gulf Shores. He said of the reporting, "We don't have a machine gun in the police department. It's very hard to get a permit for one of those and we don't need one. I was carrying a Colt AR-15, which is a sports rifle that uses .223-caliber am-

munition. I also had a .357 magnum pistol in my belt. I don't know how he mistook those things for a machine gun.

"As for warning him that he might be killed if he wrote a story, what I did was ask him not to write anything because we figured the guys who pulled this setup on him would eventually brag about it and we'd get them—if there wasn't a lot of publicity about it. But they wrote about it the next day. I was mad at first, but then I figured they just didn't know the harm they were doing by stirring up so much noise. I think we might have solved it already but for the national publicity it got."

As for whether there was intimidation—real or implied—in the way Paddecky was taken out of town, Maples said, "No, if we'd wanted to really frighten him, I'd have let him go without any police escort. We didn't know who set him up, and we figured if they went to that much trouble, they might want to black his eyes if they'd found him loose on the street. Paddecky drove himself. I was off duty. I didn't have to stay with him. Newsweek said there were five officers riding shotgun to get him out of town. That was wrong. There was one other officer on the trip. . . . Sergeant Bourne followed in an unmarked car to give me a ride back to Gulf Shores after Paddecky dropped off his car at the airport. Anyway, Paddecky was nice as he could be the whole time—and I thought we were, too. In fact, in hindsight, the only thing we did wrong in the whole case was to handle that key case and louse up any fingerprints that might have been on it."

The one element in the case that upset Gulf Shores more than anything was the way the press handled the story. Maples said, "I got 17 long-distance phone calls at home the first night after the arrest. *Penthouse* magazine called. I got clippings from a paper in the Panama Canal Zone. I was the most famous police chief in the country. But I don't think those people printed one thing. I told them. And if you believed what you read in the papers, you'd think this whole town was nothing but guys fighting in the street outside bars."

At one point, it was reported that the whole community was angered at Stabler and his friends for bringing negative publicity down on the region. This, too, proved to be exaggerated. Mayor Jones says flatly, "No, sir, we don't think

the publicity was all bad. Sure, they blew it way out of proportion, but we believe that any publicity helps—good or bad—just so they spell our name right."

Jesse Winder, who covers Gulf Shores for *The Onlooker*, which is published in nearby Foley, says, "Most of the reporting about the incident was by people who seemed to have learned everything they know about the South from seeing *In the Heat of the Night*."

The term Redneck Riviera was used frequently in reporting about the incident, and the Gulf Shores city council became so agitated by this that it was prepared to pass a resolution condemning the label. At this point, common sense came into play in the person of Madison (Shine) Powell, 40, a former marine biologist turned country-music performer, who with Norma Donaldson now runs a Gulf Shores restaurant called Sam 'n Shine's. In the midst of a council debate over the resolution, he pleaded for wisdom and a sense of humor. He said the town could easily turn its publicity about being the Redneck Riviera to its advantage. He then proceeded to recite the lyrics to a zippy piece of progressive country music he and some friends had just written. The title was *Redneck Riviera*—of course—and some of the words were:

It suits my taste, this laid-back place but it ain't no Monaco.

It's souvenirs and ice-cold beers where blue Gulf waters flow.

We got redneck bars and football stars who would rather drink than fight.

It's Alabama, where we give a damn about magnolia summer nights.

It's easy style and a friendly smile to lift you when you're low.

That's the Redneck Riviera where the sand is white as snow . . .

As Powell says, "There are two definitions of redneck, you know. One is the troublemaker, the scum of the earth. The other is just hard-working people, farmers and blue-collar people who get red on the neck from working in the sun. Well, all I can say about the kind of rednecks we got down here is that people are maybe going to come to Gulf Shores because of this Paddecky thing, and when they get here they are going to be real impressed with how friendly everyone is, and the contrast to what they've been reading is going to be really astonishing."

You can't tell Bob Paddecky that. **END**

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STRADA. ANOTHER ITALIAN WORK OF ART.

The scrap of a day-old foal, pale chestnut and fuzzy, is unmistakably thoroughbred; once his toothpick legs grow sturdy and his woolly tail uncurls, he might fetch a record price in Keeneland's auction ring. So how come his mother is that blocky, rough-coated creature that looks rather like a draft horse? She nudges her baby from the paddock fence, where curious yearlings stand, and pro-

A thoroughbred breeder with a motherless foal can avail himself of a nurse mare, a rented mother who sometimes proves better than the real thing by KATHY BLUMENSTOCK

A DAM SITE BETTER THAN BOTTLES

tectively licks his coat. Fussy mother

If motherhood is powerful, not to mention fussy, adoptive motherhood may be more so. The chunky mama and spindly child are no genetic accident. The colt is a valuable one, from Kentucky's Mint Lane breeding farm, orphaned at birth: the mare is his surrogate dam, a wet nurse enlisted to raise the hungry baby and provide the nurturing so crucial to a thoroughbred's early development. Without such foster dams, motherless foals would have to be bottle-fed, a practice that in the case of thoroughbreds is hardly satisfactory.

"A hand-raised thoroughbred tends to be undersized and mean," says Bill Taylor Jr., who runs one of Kentucky's biggest nurse-mare operations. "As he gets older, he lacks the coat and conformation of a foal reared on a mare. That can't be made up for in later growth." Also, thoroughbred foals raised on the bottle tend to act like oversized lapdogs. "When as foals they put their tiny hoofs on your shoulders, looking for a bottle, that's cute," Taylor says. "When they weigh 1,200 pounds, it isn't." Like most of us, a thoroughbred will grow up healthier and more civilized with a mother to guide him.

The use of nurse mares is hardly an innovation in the thoroughbred industry. Breeder Tom Gentry recalls seeing them in his father's stable as a child, and there are undocumented tales of oldtime horsemen who resorted to female donkeys, or even dairy cows, to nourish their expensive orphans.

It was a Kentuckian named W. Henry Grady who pioneered the

continued



The foal that gets a natural start has a better chance to break in the money.



Partners Wilson Nicholls and Bill Taylor Jr. have another adoption at Springland Farm well in hand.

use of nurse mares, in the 1920s. As a boy, he heard that Kentucky Senator J. N. Camden's favorite broodmare had died after foaling, and that the Senator was concerned about the orphan. Graddy lent Camden his own riding horse to nurse the colt. The foal thrived, and Graddy launched a new era for horsemen. At its peak in the 1950s, Graddy's Welcome Hall farm sent out 80 to 100 nurse mares a year, numbers that dropped off about 10 years ago. But demands for nurse mares have been rising again lately as horsemen have begun calling upon them for other purposes than raising foals.

"A breeder may want to save an older mare's strength by not letting a colt stay after her for five months," Taylor says. "Or a maiden mare will try to savage her young instead of claiming it. Some mares just don't produce enough milk. Others may be booked to out-of-state stallions, and the owner doesn't want a new born subjected to that long van ride."

Taylor and his partner, Wilson Nicholls, keep about 80 mares, mostly heavy draft types, at Springland Farm in Paris, Ky. Their horses' own foaling dates coincide with the thoroughbred foaling season, so when a frantic owner phones, say-

ing, "My best mare just broke her leg. Can you help save the colt?" Taylor is ready. Usually at least one mare has a youngster, which is separated from her as soon as a thoroughbred needs a nurse. Taylor sells these foals for \$50 to a waiting list of buyers eager to make pets of them. They are tough little animals, far tougher than the thoroughbred foals, and will get by on bottle feeding with no serious problems. "They just don't need mothers as much as potential racehorses do," says Taylor. (If such deprivation sounds hard on the nurse mares' foals, it beats being knocked on the head and sold for pet food, as is the practice of perhaps half of the farms in the business.)

Springland Farm doesn't send its mares directly to needy clients, as other nurse-mare farms do. "We feel that's a mistake," Nicholls says. "When a foal comes here, Bill and I can oversee the adopting process. We know what to do if anything goes wrong, and it's less bothersome to owners this way. People who've had no experience in the business can waste time. Sure, a foal can go 24 hours without milk if he has to, but you want to get him on a mare as fast as you can."

Nor does Taylor think much of the

nurse-mare operation in which the mare is separated from the strange new foal by only a plywood plank until she grows accustomed to him. "She could kick it over and kill him in a minute," Taylor says. Nothing so rudimentary is used in Springland's nurse-mare barn. The tidy concrete structure contains two roomy box stalls and four specially designed nursing stalls. Each is 10' by 10', divided by a pipe-and-mesh partition with a rectangular opening in it just large enough for a foal to reach through to get at the mare's milk bag. The partition is adjustable, and Taylor can move it over far enough so that a mare is literally up against the wall. With a hayrack to keep her busy, she has enough standing room to be comfortable, but cannot move away and thus deprive the baby of food.

Taylor tranquilizes and tethers a mare while waiting for the thoroughbred to arrive. "We try to take her own foal away about half an hour before the other one comes in," says Taylor. "She begins to wonder where her foal is, and will be anxious to mother one." Maternal instinct helps here, but the drugstore standby, peppermint spirits, eases the transition. Taylor rubs a peppermint-soaked rag over the mare's nostrils, then rubs it over the tiny thoroughbred's entire body. When the mare sniffs the mouthwash-scented foal, she assumes it's her own and allows it to nurse. The foal is so hungry he doesn't care who is feeding him. Nicholls and Taylor stay close by in case there is difficulty, but as soon as they are satisfied, mother and baby are transferred to a box stall.

"If she stands guard over the foal when it sleeps, that's a sure sign we're O.K.," Taylor says. And if she nickers to it when both horses go into a small paddock for the final testing of the bond, the mare has completely accepted the little stranger as her own. Once she has done so, she can be counted on not to turn on it. An average adoption ritual takes 36 to 48 hours, but there are exceptions. For the Mint Lane colt, it happened quickly. He arrived the same day he had been foaled and went home with his new mother the following afternoon. On the other hand, Nicholls remembers one mare that took four weeks to claim her charge. "By that time you're about ready to give up on her," he says.

When a nurse mare does go with her adoptive foal to its home turf, the owner pays \$850 for use of the mare through

continued

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the five or so months of weaning, though he can get a \$100 rebate by returning her in foal. "This is our biggest problem," Taylor says. "The whole process is a circle that shouldn't be broken. Our mares must be bred at the same time thoroughbreds are if we hope to have nurses available next year." In 1978 only about 50% of Springland's mares came back pregnant, and because a mare carries her foal 11 months, this season nurse mares are at a premium. Taylor's own stallions are turned out with the non-pregnant mares to get them in foal for next year. "I let nature stagger the foaling dates, and it usually works well," says Taylor.

On the rare occasions when a nurse mare is not available, Taylor checks them all and speculates as to which looks closest to foaling. "Very often we don't know the exact date, since people who've had the mare don't tell us when she was bred," he says. "I don't like to rush things, but sometimes it's necessary." He or Nicholls gives the horse a shot of oxytocin, to induce labor, and she usually delivers within the day. Taylor is reluctant to use the drug, however; not only does a mare often lose her own foal, but she may also not have a large enough milk supply.

Some breeding establishments have their own mini-nurseries on the premises, but Taylor calls this an expensive gamble. "Even if those owners do keep close track of nurse mares' foaling dates, horses always try to fool mother nature," he says. "It's difficult to coordinate needs on such a limited basis, especially if they have late-foaling nurses and an early thoroughbred. Then, too, suppose no nurse mares are required this year. Now they've still got to breed and feed tons of horseflesh till next year." Most horsemen have found it simpler and cheaper in the long run to rely on ready-made milk hanks such as Taylor's.

Because he and Nicholls constitute the entire nurse-mare crew at Springland, Taylor does not have time to spend learning each horse's individual quirks; he doesn't even name them. "Oh, we know which ones are quick to take on a foal, and those that are sassy," Nicholls says. But the mares don't suffer from lack of affection. Clients, or, more often, clients' children, lavish attention on them. Last summer a strapping sorrel returned to Springland was accompanied by a letter from a customer's young daughter. "She wrote us that the horse's name was Lady, that she especially loved carrots and



Movable partitions in the Springland nursing stalls permit movable, but not too movable, foals.

asked would I please scratch her ears every day," Taylor says. "Some folks start thinking of our mares as part of their own stables." Or, in certain cases, as part of their families. Gentry is so smitten with an old brown-and-white mare that he once included her in a photo for his family Christmas card.

"Most repeat clients do request specific mares," Taylor says, "but usually it's impossible. I can't reserve mares for anyone." In fact, although thoroughbred horsemen are his bread-and-butter trade, Taylor would not hesitate to lease a mare to someone with a saddle-horse foal. "My first concern is the mare: Will the person do right by her?" he says. "If so, I'm glad to let him have her." But he draws the line at allowing his horses out of Kentucky. In the past, Springland horses have gone as far as Canada and Michigan, but one disappeared in Maryland a few years

ago. "We never saw a trace of her again," Taylor says. "I can't risk losing my horses like that."

Springland's business is good, though Taylor does not advertise, relying instead on word of mouth and steady, satisfied customers. He is fairly closemouthed on the profit he makes, saying only, "Whatever we make is put right back into the farm. We're just a small family operation and have to put it back to survive." He doesn't advise anyone to enter the business unless they're inordinately patient and unconcerned with making a fast buck. "Because you won't," he says.

Taylor's father started Springland's program in the early 1960s, so Taylor, now 30, has been in the nurse-mare business nearly all his adult life. Bill Taylor Sr. had always used horseman Tollie Young's nurse mares while at Claiborne Farm, and when Young wanted to sell

continued

out, Taylor Sr. bought most of his mares. He turned Springland over to his son and Nicholls when he became manager of Bluegrass Farm in 1973.

"I feel as if I've grown up in this business," says Taylor Jr. He has found, often the hard way, how to deal with certain clients. A customer who sends a mare back to Springland in bad shape does not get a second chance.

Among Taylor's best clients are Lee Eaton, Bluegrass Farm ("It has nothing to do with my father") and Gentry, who praises him as a "scientific" nurse-mare man. Gentry uses five or six Springland horses each year, although he doesn't entirely agree with Taylor's methods. "Having a foal come to his mare invites viruses, even if Bill does disinfect constantly," says Gentry. "And the sudden change of environment can be unhealthy for a newborn. Even if you're just putting him in the back of a station wagon, it's still an adjustment. But listen, it works for Bill, and he's the expert."

Of nurse mares in general, Gentry says, "Psychologically, the knowledge that a horse has been brought up this way can have a negative effect on a buyer. He may say, 'Any horse not raised by its own mother will be weak and sickly.' But, of course, the opposite is true. Grantstark was raised on a nurse mare. So was Hearts of Lettuce. And Canadian Bound.

the Secretariat colt that went for \$1.5 million three years ago."

Other high-priced horses have passed through nurse-mare barns, including Taylor's, but he doesn't know which ones. "I'd hate to exploit people by going back to check," he says. "Maybe they'd rather not have it known." Nicholls adds, "We treat all foals—worth \$500 or \$50,000—exactly the same. Yeah, we've had some Secretariats, but if no one tells us the breeding, we don't ask. In fact I'd rather not know. It makes me nervous."

Springland's mares, however, have no qualms about nursing a foal who may win the 1982 Triple Crown. When not busy nursing throughbreds, Taylor's hardy stock lives out in the fields year round, "partly because they eat so much." Indeed, they give meaning to the old expression to "eat like a horse." Their prenatal care is identical to that of thoroughbred broodmares, from worming to virus abortion vaccine.

"Clients' biggest gripe, if you can call it that, is that their foals get too fat," says Taylor. "They just don't get any exercise." He prefers big horses for nurse mares, not because they give more milk ("That's just a reasonable-sounding fallacy"), but because of their quiet temperament. The bigger a mare, the dumber she is, Taylor believes, and thus more easily led to nurse a foster colt. He and

Nicholls are constantly scouting good-sized animals, which are scarce and costly today. Horse fanciers don't breed many Clydesdale- or Percheron-type animals anymore, so to fill out his "herd," Taylor uses Appaloosas and quarter horses.

Taylor and Nicholls would like to raise their own nurse mares, as some nursery owners do, but say it would be far too expensive and time-consuming. "For the type of horses we want, we'd need a big stallion—a Belgian or a Clydesdale," says Nicholls. "Used to be you could buy one for \$400, maybe \$600 tops. Now they're more like \$2,500 and up. That's too rich for our blood." Then, too, before a mare can begin earning her keep, she must be at least four years old. "Four years is a lot of alfalfa," Taylor says. "That's why we don't keep any of the fillies from our mares, even if they look promising. It's much better if we can buy them." There are no pure Belgians or Clydesdales at Springland, though a few have the fetlock "feathers" of the latter breed. Most are what Taylor calls "second-generation draft horses," with drafters' bulky necks and broad hangers, and the smaller heads and more slender legs of saddlebreds or quarter horses. Such crossbreeding doesn't result in many beauties—some are downright homely—but in their line of work, who's looking?

The rush at Springland is normally in mid-April, but summer orphans crop up, too. "A colt came in last July and we had to put him on a mare whose own foal was 30 days old," says Taylor. "There is a huge difference between a month-old colt and a brand-new one. That mare knew something was up." Taylor gives his mares foals as close in age to their own as he can. And color? Horses are color-blind, so a gray filly will look the same to her as a chestnut, but Taylor says that when pinto nurse mares drop spotted foals, it's a struggle getting them to take solid-hued babies. "Probably they can distinguish shades of gray," he says. But I won't blindfold a horse even then."

Taylor has no plans to expand his business. "We couldn't do a quality job if we grew any larger." He concedes that the nurse-mare end of the thoroughbred field is not as glamorous as training horses, nor does it offer the prospect of the hefty profits that can be made at the track, but Taylor finds satisfaction in his work. "I think we're doing something very important here," he says. "We're helping to save young horses' lives." **END**



Never mind that she looks more like Rocinante than Fandrielle, a foal's best friend is a mother



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A COLLECTION OF 13 NUMBER ONES

Though they are always interesting and usually quite informative, the documentaries of Bud Greenspan have been of uneven quality. For example, a program on Jesse Owens' return to Berlin and the series, *The Olympiad*, both of which ran repeatedly on public television, were overpraised, except for the segment *The African Runners*, which merited accolades.

Still, whatever Greenspan does is often superior to anything the networks produce. His theory about that is simple: "We think people are smarter than the networks do." He is probably right. Where the networks tend to present events in an oddly mindless atmosphere of hyped-up shouting, Greenspan, at his best, comes on with an approach that is tasteful, delightful and illuminating.

His latest production shows Greenspan at his best. It is called *Numero Uno*, a series of half-hour programs dealing with celebrated sportsmen from 13 different countries. As Greenspan's introduction for each film says, "In every country of the world there is a legendary sports hero. Athletes whose exploits are revered from generation to generation, timeless, universal, immortal. They are *Numero Unos*."

This collection presents as eclectic a crowd of premier athletes as one could imagine. There is Roger Bannister from England, Jean-Claude Killy of France, Italian driver Klaus Dibus, and track stars Irena Szewinska of Poland and Peter Snell of New Zealand. From Finland comes cross-country skier Veikko Hakulinen, from Japan sumo wrestler Taiho, and from the U.S. the venerable discus thrower, Al Oerter.

Greenspan sticks by his list. It is purely arbitrary, of course, and probably will create heated arguments from the hot stoves of the U.S., so the hot saunas of Finland over who is each nation's true *Numero Uno*. But, there is no question that Greenspan has assembled a lineup of demigods, in greatly bringing them down to earth he has made them totally human and somehow done so without diminishing their dazzle by so much as a kilowatt.

It is with affection, rather than awe, that Greenspan approaches these stars. His film shows Bannister, who ran the first four-minute mile some 25 years ago, as he is today, a balding and rather foggy middle-aged phy-

sician. Bannister mangles on in his English manner about this dramatic sports event. He tells how he had been "following the wind by the flag on the church flagpole" near the track at Oxford University in order to decide if he would actually make the effort to break the barrier. "But then, about eight or 10 minutes to the time of the race, the wind seemed to settle a bit, and then I talked to myself and realized that I must do it," he says. Perfectly paced by Chris Chutney and Chris Bratton.

Bannister did it. All of it, every stride of the historic race and the events that followed, are preserved—and beautifully enhanced—on Greenspan's film.

Mainly Greenspan lets the *Numero Unos* tell their own stories, using foreign-accented voice-over translations for subjects who do not speak English. Argentina's Juan Manuel Fuego, perhaps the greatest of auto racers, expresses his almost mystical relationship to an automobile: "I could never think of the machine as an inanimate object to be thrashed at will. I felt that the car entrusted to me was a living thing. As a result, when anything broke, I felt as if I myself had been wounded." Taiho, the sumo wrestler who won the Emperor's Cup 12 times before he retired in 1971, tells how he arrived at the decision: "I asked my little children if it was all right for their papa to retire. They did not understand what I was talking about, but they sort of nodded their heads. A great burden was lifted from my chest."

The evocative footage of each athlete's achievements is skillfully intercut with childhood snapshots. Commentary and insight is provided by experts, opponents or coaches involved in the various deeds. Stirling Moss speaks of Fuego's genius. Dr. Sammy Lee talks of the brilliance and daring of Dibus. And Belgian Roger Moens still speaks with undiminished despair of the 800-meter victory Peter Snell stole from him in the 1960



GREENSPAN'S CREDO: PEOPLE ARE SMARTER THAN YOU THINK

Olympics. "I gave everything I had down the stretch. I closed my eyes again and I said to myself, 'Roger, this time it is certain. You're the Olympic champion.' The finish line was 20 meters away. I looked to my left. A black uniform flashed by me. It was Peter Snell."

Frequently, Greenspan lets an entire event unfold with only fragmentary remarks, no background music and only natural crowd sounds. It is an effective touch, the more so for the contrast it makes with the compulsive nattering that network commentators indulge in over every sport of every event. Of his silence-is-golden philosophy, Greenspan says, "I think a sports event is like a painting or a symphony—it has to stand by itself."

At the moment *Numero Uno* has not found a home on U.S. television. The BBC has bought the series and will run it later this year. Not that the art of Greenspan (and wife Cappy, the executive producer of *Numero Uno*) will go entirely unseen in the States. All three of the networks have ordered up Greenspan vignettes for mini-documentaries: NBC for the 1980 Summer Olympics, ABC for the 1980 Winter Games and CBS for the 1979 Pan-American Games. "We seem to have made a breakthrough at last," Greenspan says.

It's high time. The standard set by *Numero Uno* is one that all TV sports producers should try to emulate. But the attitude Greenspan brings to his work is not one usually found in the hard sell of network TV. **END**

He's out from under the shadow

Doug DeCinces has finally put a stop to Oriole supporters' babbling for Brooks

It is a date Doug DeCinces will never forget—June 6, 1976, the 32nd anniversary of D-day. The Orioles were playing a doubleheader at home against Minnesota, and DeCinces' parents, his wife Kristi and his son Tim were in the stands. Sitting with them was his grandmother, who had never seen him play.

DeCinces (pronounced duh-SIN-say)

didn't appear in the first game. He was supposed to be phasing out the legendary Brooks Robinson at third base, but Robinson played the whole way in the opener. And even though he went 0 for 3 and the Orioles lost, the fans wanted more of him. "We want Brooks!" they chanted as DeCinces took the field for the nightcap. His grandmother was confused. Minutes into the game DeCinces fielded a grounder with his chest, threw late to first and was charged with an error that set up a three-run Twins rally. The chants grew louder. In the second inning DeCinces' chest was bruised by another drive. The cries from the stands were now almost deafening. In a trance, DeCinces came to bat and was caught looking at a third strike.

Then things changed for the better. DeCinces singled to lead off the fifth, slugged a two-run homer in the seventh and tripled a man home in the eighth.

As he stood on third, breathing heavily from his dash around the bases, the crowd rose to cheer him. DeCinces trembled visibly. "I wanted to grab a microphone and tell the people what I thought of front-runners," he recalls thinking. Afterward reporters sought him out, but he had left the park. "I didn't know if I'd ever want to come back," he says. "I just walked away."

Most anyone who replaces a legend might feel the same way. George Selkirk, who succeeded Babe Ruth, and Lou Gehrig's replacement, Babe Dahlgren, are remembered almost exclusively for the men they stepped in for. Even highly successful substitutes have paid a price. Carl Yastrzemski reported to Boston in 1961 to replace the recently retired No. 9, Ted Williams. The Red Sox made a point of giving Yaz No. 8. Very subtle. No wonder he couldn't hit for the better part of a season. Bobby Murcer had four good years as a Yankee, but no one would let him forget his predecessor, Mickey Mantle. Murcer didn't have Mantle's charisma or something. In six seasons as a Yankee, Murcer was never offered an endorsement.

For DeCinces, replacing Robinson was not merely difficult; it seemed impossible. Brooks came to Baltimore in 1955, the year after the Orioles moved there from St. Louis. He grew up with the franchise. Twenty years an Oriole, 16 times a Gold Glover, a World Series hero, Robinson was a local institution. In the life of a Baltimore man, it is said, there is one job, one wife and one hero. Most often in recent years that hero was Brooks. He was dumpy, balding, pigeon-toed and slow, but his diving stops and quick-release throws made him a sure Hall of Famer. Popular? He could have been elected mayor.

Playing for three years with Robinson, first as a spear carrier and then as heir apparent, DeCinces learned that legends don't die easily. It wasn't Robinson's fault. In fact, there was no friction between the two. The problem was that Baltimore wouldn't let Brooks go, and DeCinces kept pushing himself to be the next Brooks.



Once all thumbs at third, DeCinces committed only one error in the last 72 games of last season.

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The imitation is finally over. At 28 years old, DeCinces not only has come out from behind Robinson's shadow, but he is also creating a glorious image of his own. Last year he hit .286, with 28 homers and 80 RBIs, and had the American League's third-highest slugging percentage (.526). During the second half of the 1978 season he performed on a par with the best-known sluggers in baseball (see box). And with just one error in his last 72 games, he was starting to field like, well, a legend.

HOW HOT HE GOT

In the second half of '78, Doug DeCinces ranked with the best when it came to hitting hard and often.

	AVG.	HR	RBI	SLUG. PCT.
Dave Parker	.351	17	70	.632
DeCinces	.324	20	64	.611
Jim Rice	.306	23	74	.570
George Foster	.257	22	59	.538

Even if DeCinces is unable to maintain that pace this year—after the Orioles' first nine games he had made one error and was hitting .250—his peace of mind is unlikely to be disturbed. This equanimity hasn't been easy to come by. In 25 years of major league baseball, Baltimore fans have been spoiled by the defensive excellence of the Oriole infielders: Ron Hansen, Luis Aparicio, Jerry Adair, Dave Johnson, Bobby Grich, Rich Dauer, Mark Belanger and, of course, Robinson. When DeCinces joined the club in 1973, he looked anything but smooth. At third he stood stiffly, his weight back, like Ken Dryden in the nets, and at the plate he badly missed breaking pitches with his long, looping swing. Nor was his background suited to working-class Baltimore. He is tall, dark, handsome and articulate. He was born across the street from a movie studio in Burbank. His aunt Gloria Winners played Penny in *Sky King*. DeCinces, whose father is of Italian descent, might have looked good to a Hollywood casting director, but he was a misfit in Baltimore, that hard city by the sea.

In 1976, the year DeCinces became a regular, he received nasty calls and letters, and the fans and the press descended on him, pounding away with invidious comparisons to Robinson. "Brooks could have made six consecutive errors

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and the fans still would have cheered him," says Ron Shapiro, a close friend and adviser to both men. "Doug could have made six great plays and one error, and they would have booed him."

DeCinces hit .234 and fielded poorly. The next season he increased his average to .259 but he was still shaky in the field with 26 errors. On Sept. 18, 1977, a crowd of 51,798 gathered in Memorial Stadium for a Thanks Brooks Day honoring their retiring hero, who had been a bit player but a growing presence for DeCinces in the '76 and '77 seasons. It could have been DeCinces' most trying moment if he hadn't impulsively uprooted third base and presented it to Robinson. Suddenly DeCinces' detractors were wildly applauding him. "It was a catharsis," says Shapiro. "Maybe when he took out third base he symbolically released some of the pressure. But it wasn't all gone."

Indeed, whatever self-confidence DeCinces had was destroyed the following March. He reported to spring training with a sore back and missed four days of practice when Kristi suffered a miscarriage. The first grounder hit his way took a bad hop and broke his nose, for the fourth time. It was broken again early in the season. No wonder his teammates call him the Horn. Later that season, Manager Earl Weaver moved him to second in a 12-game experiment that failed miserably. By July 1 of last year a totally distraught DeCinces had committed 12 errors in 57 games and was batting .226.

It is fitting that the resolution to his problems should have come indirectly through Robinson. Brooks' friend Shapiro, a 36-year-old lawyer, writer and former state securities commissioner, approached DeCinces and suggested he undergo counseling. Shapiro had helped Robinson work out serious financial and personal difficulties in 1976. DeCinces agreed to Shapiro's recommendation that he see Skip Connor, a psychiatrist who specializes in counseling athletes and executives. After several long discussions—DeCinces never went into analysis—his problem became apparent.

Connor explains: "I had worked with professional athletes on specific disabilities. An example is a tennis player who played too paucely after a cartilage operation and wasn't winning anymore. Doug's situation was more complicated. Here's a guy who has all the ingredients—size, speed, ability, good looks, ed-

ucation—and he comes into a situation that may preclude greatness. How many guys who have replaced legends have turned out to be outstanding in their own right? Historically it's almost a no-win situation. And because Brooks was hero-worshiped in Baltimore, whatever Doug did was viewed by fans, if not management and maybe even his teammates, as inherently inferior. Doug brought with him a personal sensitivity that made it impossible for him to ignore these circumstances. He began to believe the fans. He felt he was a failure. On top of that he got hurt. His broken nose became the symbol for all the other problems. His game changed to 'How do I avoid getting hurt?' His first thought was to stand in a place where he wouldn't get a ball in the nose. There were similar concerns at the plate. He was thinking, instead of letting his natural instincts do the job."

"Our conclusion was: let his subconscious do his thinking. The end result was like what one gets out of transcendental meditation or self-hypnosis—taking his mind off details, letting his body do the work."

The relaxed DeCinces immediately became the hottest hitter in the league. Balls jumped off his bat—Weaver says they take off faster than those hit by anyone he has managed, including Frank Robinson—and he was almost flawless in the field, where, though he lacks Brooks Robinson's quickness and intuition, he has better range and a stronger arm. "It was a question of confidence and relaxation," DeCinces says. "Baseball is about 80% mental."

DeCinces now feels every club should have a professional therapist. "Baseball players are viewed as so masculine, so virile, so above all problems," he says. "It's not true. Every player is a human being. Sometimes the strain and mental problems are too much. I don't feel a manager or general manager can always be expected to find out what makes a player tick."

Diversity seems to keep DeCinces ticking. He is the American League player representative, vice-president of his father's construction company and a participant in Baltimore-area charities. And his contributions don't come merely from his checkbook; he deals personally with the people he is trying to help. "You've never seen the Special Olympics?" he asks. "You ought to."

The abuse and self-doubting behind

them, Doug and Kristi have become public figures, in the manner of another Oriole third baseman and his wife. And what of Brooks? He works as the color man on Oriole telecasts, as a marketing specialist for a local oil company and as a director in Shapiro's personal-management outfit, which represents a dozen Orioles and 21 other athletes. It is usually overlooked that Brooks himself replaced an excellent third baseman, George Kell. Accordingly, Robinson's view of DeCinces' struggle is worthy of note.

"I have never seen a player turn it around the way Doug did the last half of last season," Brooks says. "He was the hottest player in baseball." And all because he had learned to keep cool.

THE WEEK

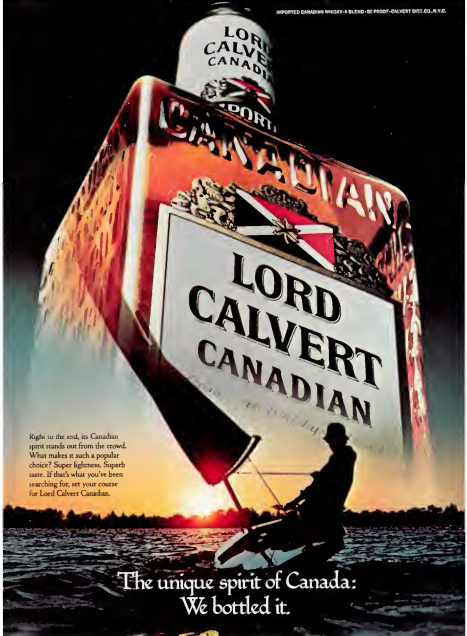
(April 8-14)

AL EAST The Boston (2-1) catching situation grew critical. After playing defense because of an elbow ailment, Carlton Fisk decided to try pinch hitting. "The first swing, I felt like someone had shot me," he said after striking out. He was put on the 15-day disabled list. With Bob Montgomery and Mike O'Brien also injured, Manager Don Zimmer was forced to use rookie Gary Alenson, whose throwing he had belittled during spring training. "When I put him in during the 11th inning, I was praying Dick Drago wouldn't walk anybody," Zimmer said early in the week. "If someone had gotten on, he would've tried to steal." But when Zimmer used Alenson for eight innings of a 12-10 win over Milwaukee, Alenson allowed only one stolen base. "He'll be all right," Zimmer backtracked. Meanwhile the Sox won two games by unexpected means: Jim Dwyer's bases-loaded single, the first pinch RBI by a Sox since 1977, clinched the 12-10 game; and in a one-out, bases-loaded situation against Cleveland, Zimmer, in an unorthodox maneuver, had everyone rotating when Jack Brainer grounded to second. With no chance for a double play, the Indians had to make the play to first and let the winning run score.

Milwaukee won three of five as George Bamberger agreed to manage through the 1980 season. Mike Caldwell shut out Boston 3-0 before 54,392 fans on a 38° opening day, and nine Brewers combined for 12 homers during the week. After a Milwaukee club-record six home runs helped edge Baltimore 11-10, Oriole (11-5) Manager Earl Weaver said, "They can hit, that's all there is to it."

Toronto (4-1) was in surprisingly good

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form. Catcher Rick Cerone already has two-thirds of his 1978 homer total of three, and slugger John Mayberry has no homers, but a .456 batting average. New York went 4-2 as Tommy John beat Milwaukee 2-1 in his American League debut and then shut out Baltimore 5-0 by inducing 18 ground-ball outs.

The Indians had no home runs, no complete games and no wins in four tries, but there was plenty of talk about the possible dismissal of Manager Jeff Torborg. Relievers took all of the losses for Detroit (1-3).

**MIL 9-2 BOS 3-2 TOR 4-3 NY 4-4
BAL 3-5 DET 1-4 CLE 1-5**

AL WEST

At first the A's (1-6) played as if they were dizzy. They lost three of four to lowly Seattle (3-4), committing 13 errors, two passed balls and one wild pitch. Then, it developed, two of the A's were dizzy: Mickey Kilits and Mario Guerrero, who were knocked silly when they were hit on the head by batted balls they should have caught. The Mariners, who blew two rundown plays, looked a bit dizzy themselves.

Minnesota's Jerry Koosman was shell-shocked—not by the opposition but by the Twins (4-2), who supported the former Met with 11 hits in his American League debut, an 8-1 victory over the Angels. Averaging nearly eight runs a game, California won its five other outings. Bobby Grich homered three times. Don Baylor ran his hitting streak to seven games, and Carney Lansford batted .429 to help Nolan Ryan, Chris Knapp and Don Asse to complete-game victories. Even better was Texas (5-0), which remained baseball's only unbeaten team, despite the unavailability of ace Jon Matlack, who was placed on the disabled list. Al Oliver homered twice into a 38-mph wind, and Reliever Sparky Lyle allowed no hits in his first four appearances.

The White Sox (2-3) were whipped 10-2 by Toronto in their home opener, prompting embittered owner Bill Veeck to offer all 41,073 fans free admission to the next game. Only 2,220 of them returned to watch the Sox lose again, 9-7. Kansas City dropped three of five, despite Fred Patke's second 4-for-4 game of the season.

**TEX 6-0 MINN 6-2 CAL 6-3 KC 4-3
SEA 5-SCR 2-5 OAK 1-8**

NL EAST

It must have been rain-drops falling from the Phillies' eyes. Philadelphia had taken a 3-2 lead in the top half of the sixth inning at St. Louis when the game was stopped because of rain. A rule passed at last December's owners' meetings would have had the game continued from that point on a later date. But because the owners had not bothered to in-

form the players about the change until Feb. 5 and because Marvin Miller, the head of the Players Association, had not polled all the teams to get the required players' approval of the new rule, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn determined that the old rainout regulations applied. Thus, the game reverted back to the end of the fifth, when the score was tied 2-2, and will have to be replayed in its entirety on June 29. The new rule will go into effect next year, said Kuhn, again neglecting to consult the players.

Noting that there had been 10 postponements and one shortened game in the first 11 days of the season, the Phillies led the cries for a schedule change. "Either send all the teams from the East out West for the first month of the season, or start the season two weeks later and end it two weeks earlier," said Pete Rose. "Dome it," said Manager Danny Ozark, referring to Philly's Veterans Stadium. Using his own dome, Ozark moved Rose from first to third in the batting order. Rose responded with two doubles and a single as the Phils beat Pittsburgh 7-3.

In another game the Pirates twice walked new fourth-place hitter Greg Luzinski to get at Mike Schmidt. Each time, Schmidt drove

in 14 innings to Montreal when Kelvin Chapman missed a suicide-squeeze-bunt attempt.

Because of a St. Louis (3-3) protest, Pirate Dave Parker has abandoned his face mask lest it injure somebody. And Lou Brock announced that he will abandon the Cardinals, retiring at the end of the season. With 2,904 hits to date, he is expected to fall short of 3,000 for his career. The 39-year-old Brock was philosophical about that, but the same could not be said of his juvenile teammates. Disturbed because their plane from St. Louis to Pittsburgh was late, they ripped out phones, broke several chairs and a glass door and destroyed a sign at the airport.

**MONT 5-1 NY 3-2 PIT 4-4
ST. L. 3-PHIL 2-3 CHIO 4-**

NL WEST

Houston's (3-3) J. R. Richard set a major league record of 13 wild pitches and walked four, but he also struck out 13 while beating the Dodgers 2-1. After his extraordinary 150-pitch performance, Richard said, "I told the team doctor he should make a lot of money after a game like this. Everyone who saw me pitch probably developed an ulcer."

No less extraordinary was Dodger Shortstop Bill Russell, who caught a pop-up, collided with Centerfielder Derrel Thomas and still had the presence of mind to get up and hold a runner at second. "An automatic reaction," said Russell of the play that helped the Dodgers (3-4) beat the Astros 2-1. Newly acquired Jerry Reuss threw four strong innings and rookie Rick Sutcliffe pitched five, as the battered Los Angeles bullpen provided unexpected relief.

When the Giants (4-2) opened their season on Candlestick Park's new natural turf, Vida Blue gave 56,196 fans a natural high by beating San Diego 4-2. Later Blue threw his third complete-game victory in three starts, defeating Houston 2-1. No wonder Giant fans were chanting, "Blue! Blue! Blue!" The Padres (2-4) were blue, blue, blue. Gene Richards and Orzelle Smith, their Nos. 1 and No. 2 starters, failed to get a hit in the same inning for the first eight games of the season, prompting Dave Winfield, who batted .455, to remark sadly, "My average doesn't matter if we don't win."

For a change, all was quiet in Cincinnati (4-2)—except the Reds' bats. George Foster (.435, 10 RBIs) and Dave Concepcion (.438) clubbed grand slams, Dan Driessen hit .396 and Ken Griffey, batting in Pete Rose's old leadoff position, went 9 for 28 and started five games with hits.

After a 1-5 start, their worst since moving to Atlanta, the Braves (3-4) ripped L. A. 10-2 with a 14-hit attack, errorless fielding and a four-homer by Larry McWilliams.

**SP 7-2 HOUS 5-3 LA 5-5
CN 4-5 ATL 3-6 SD 3-6**

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOHN MILNER: Substituting for the injured Willie Stargell, the 29-year-old Pirate first baseman went 7 for 10, with two home runs and seven runs batted in, to spark three Pittsburgh wins. He is hitting .643 for the season.

in a run. He ended the day with a homer that beat the Pirates 5-4. With three postponements and an off day, the Phillies played only three times—and won twice.

The Pirates were able to celebrate a little during a 3-3 week as Willie Stargell passed Hoots Wagner and set a club record with his 870th extra-base hit. Unfortunately, Stargell then injured his hip and was sidelined.

Montreal's starters—led by Ross Grimsley, who whipped Chicago 2-0—had a 1.80 ERA for the week. The Expo (4-1) bullpen—led by Elias Sosa, who had a win and a save—had a 1.38 ERA. Leading a strong attack was Andre Dawson, who hit .400.

Diversing attention from his team's two rainouts, three off days and two shutout losses, Chicago Manager Herman Franks displayed a marked-up ball Grimsley had used. "It's a different ball than Don Sutton uses," said Franks. "Sutton makes a cut right across Club Feeney's name. You can't cut a ball like this with your fingernail. It looks more like sandpaper." Answered Montreal skipper Dick Williams, "You call that ball Bruce Sutter uses a forkfork!"

After New York's opener was rained out, the rescheduled inaugural attracted just 10,406 fans, who saw the Mets (1-2) lose 3-2

Losing the title singlehandedly

Right hand broken, Mike Rossman carried on with his left, but after nine rounds it was clear that Victor Galindez was back



Wading in with a two-fisted attack, Galindez had Rossman reeling

The fight ended with Mike Rossman sitting on the stool in his corner, unable to go out for Round 10. His right hand was broken and his WBA world light heavyweight title was lost to Victor Galindez of Buenos Aires, from whom he had won it seven months before. Rossman had fought as long as he could with just one hand, but after the ninth round in the New Orleans Superdome last Saturday afternoon, he knew he couldn't go on. And it was then that Jimmy DePiano, Rossman's father and manager, told Referee Stanley Christodoulou that Galindez had regained the title. As an afterthought, DePiano added, "It's a loan, not a gift."

Rossman figured that he had broken the hand on Galindez' head midway through the fifth, a round in which he had thrown at least 12 rights. From then on he had mostly used his left jab, a cove of a pistol against a cannon.

"Mike could have quit after the fifth round," said Jim Robinson, Rossman's trainer. "But he didn't. His only com-

plaint was that he couldn't get the right off. He fought four rounds in pain, trying to get lucky with the left. He couldn't even protect himself with the right. It hurt as much to block a punch as to let one get through."

From the start this was a far different fight from the one in New Orleans last September. On that occasion, Rossman, the challenger, had hammered a poorly conditioned Galindez, slicing up the champ's scarred face and forcing a halt after 13 rounds. Until that night Galindez, 30, had held the title for nearly four years, and hadn't been beaten since Dec. 18, 1971.

Then came last February's fiasco in Las Vegas, when Galindez pulled out of the rematch at the last minute after the Nevada State Athletic Commission had refused to allow the WBA to import its neutral (read Latin) officials.

But the WBA and Galindez did not have such problems with the Louisiana State Athletic Commission, which imported Christodoulou from Johannes-

burg, South Africa. Waldemar Schmidt from San Juan, Puerto Rico and Jesus Celis from Caracas, Venezuela. Christodoulou has a history of refereeing Galindez' defenses. In 1976 he allowed Galindez 10 minutes for repair work after Richie Kates cut him badly. Galindez then knocked out Kates in the 15th round. And when Yaqui Lopez fought Galindez in Rome, Christodoulou chose to ignore what Lopez called frequent low blows, butts, rabbit punches and hitting while holding. After 15 rounds, Galindez won by unanimous decision.

"Galindez must like these officials," Rossman had said in disgust a few days before the fight. "I haven't heard him say a word. If the Latins can reach in and steal the title from an American fighter right here in America, then there isn't any justice."

While Rossman's people feared a possible heist if the fight went 15 rounds, they were even more fearful that Galindez would be cut—and that Christodoulou would rule that it had been caused

continued



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by a butt. If the fight was stopped on a cut, Rossman might lose the title by disqualification.

"If he cuts, I don't care what they call it," Robinson said. "I'm going to tell Mike to go out and rip it open as wide as he can, to chop Galindez to pieces. He also has to worry about the officials and he has to worry about a disqualification. They are holding all the cards. It's not right."

Perhaps Rossman should have worried less about the officials and more about his opponent. Galindez had trained long and hard and was in excellent condition. The last time they fought, the Argentinian had trimmed his body by starvation; this time he did it with grueling workouts. Galindez is a proud man and he was ready.

"All people want to talk about are the cuts on my face—the cuts, the cuts," Galindez grumbled through an interpreter. "But the cuts weren't what caused me to lose the last fight. I had personal problems, marital troubles, and I was out of shape. I couldn't concentrate on my training. And I had been sick. I weighed 190 pounds and I had to starve myself. I wasn't myself as a fighter."

After he lost, back home in Argentina, the fans would boo whenever Galindez showed up at a local fight. It stung him badly.

"The fans at home think he gave away the title to Rossman and they are hurt," said an Argentinian journalist. "So this fight is very big at home. And many, many people will be rooting for him to lose. After he lost in New Orleans, I met him on the airplane and he said for him it was the final curtain. So now he must silence the boos and the jeers. It is the only reason he is fighting."

Robinson's strategy was for Rossman to jab away at the heavy scar tissue over Galindez's eyes and to hook to the body. "After the fifth round we'll probably stay upstairs with everything," Robinson said. "But at first we've got to back him up, to make him move and exhaust himself."

In the opening round, Rossman threw more than 30 left jabs. Many of them fell just a tick short but he connected often enough to win the round on the cards of all three officials. Then Galindez unveiled his strategy, aimed at evading the jab and overcoming the disadvantage of his shorter reach. He began taking a quick step forward and throwing a lunging jab, following that with a



Triumphant but testy, the returned champ vowed there would be no rematch for chickens

wicked right. The 22-year-old champion countered with stiff right hands over the jab. After this round there were two votes for Rossman. Cells voted for Galindez.

In the third, Christodoulou warned Rossman for hitting low, and while Rossman got two of the official votes—again, Cells was for Galindez—that was the last round Rossman would take. Stung by a sharp right hand early in the fourth round, Galindez now began fighting with a fury, scoring with thunderous hooks from both sides. With Rossman hurt and reeling, Galindez even kept punching after the bell. Christodoulou, who said later that he didn't hear it, merely observed the action.

Just as Christodoulou finally realized that the round had ended, Rossman's younger brother Andy, who works the corner, bounded into the ring and rushed at Galindez. Andy threw a punch and missed; Galindez threw two and didn't. Then the Argentinians started pouring into the ring. By now the referee was in command. He shoed both factions out of the ring, and a possible brawl was averted.

In the fifth Galindez continued to dominate the fight, despite having suffered a cut high on his forehead. Rossman unleashed perhaps a dozen rights; on one of them he broke his hand.

From that point to the end, Galindez was in complete charge, throwing the savage blows that rocked Rossman several times. Near the end of Round 9, Rossman fired a final right hand to Galindez' head, then staggered forward in obvious pain.

When he got back to his corner Ross-

man said, "I can't stand the pain." Robinson turned and told DePiano what the fighter had said.

"O K, that's it," DePiano said. "The fight is over. Let's get out of here."

When Galindez heard the news, he came roaring out of his corner—and he fell down. Leaping up, he charged Rossman, screaming taunts. Finally his people grabbed him and pulled him away.

In his dressing room, waiting to be taken to a local hospital where the hand would be put in a cast, Rossman said he had thrown that last right hand in pure desperation.

"I said, 'Hey, I've got to go for it,'" he said. "I couldn't just stand out there and go jab, jab, jab when he's throwing bombs. I was going crazy. I could see these big openings over his jab and I couldn't throw the right."

In his dressing room, the jubilant Galindez was telling the world that he would never fight Rossman again. "He chickened up," Galindez shouted. "He's a chicken. I'll never give him a rematch."

It was pointed out that Rossman had given him a return. "I got a rematch because I deserved it," Galindez said. "I won't give him one, because he doesn't deserve it."

That creates an interesting situation. After Galindez had been stopped on cuts last September, the Latin-oriented WBA immediately installed him as its No. 1 challenger. That made it mandatory that Rossman fight him again within six months. Now that Rossman has lost the championship—undoubtedly in part because of a broken hand—one has to wonder where he will be ranked among the WBA's contenders.

END

Gummo has his act together

Call him Little Dynamite. Or Third Best. His real name, however, is Golden Act and he can run. Particularly at the end of races, when it often counts the most. Last Saturday Golden Act won the Arkansas Derby at Oaklawn Park in Hot Springs and moved on to Louisville to be readied for the Kentucky Derby. By now virtually everyone figures that this year's Triple Crown races belong to either the East's Spectacular Bid or the West's Flying Paster. But if there is an upset, Golden Act is quite capable of pulling it off.

Golden Act? Well, an 1975 stallion named Gummo was bred to a mare named Golden Shore in Solvang, Calif. The result was a small racehorse that was bred to "stay," to run on dirt and relish long distances. Gummo, now 17 years old, wasn't all that bad a runner himself. He was named for Gummo Marx, least publicized of the five Marx Brothers. After a short tour in vaudeville—he sang, he danced and he did a German-accent rou-

Golden Act won the Arkansas Derby to give his daddy two shots in Kentucky

tine—Gummo went into the dress business and functioned as an agent for Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo.

Now old Gummo—the horse, not the Marx—may turn out to be the dominant sire of 1979, an act that doesn't exactly send the Kentucky horse-breeding establishment into paroxysms of laughter. In fact, Kentucky breeders abhor Gummo. Not only is he a Californian, and thus "unfashionable" by Kentucky standards, Gummo is also the sire of Flying Paster, who last week concluded his own pre-

Derby preparations by running off with the Hollywood Derby by 10 lengths, his best race yet. Gummo thus has two of the three leading candidates for the 1979 Triple Crown, a feat so rare that track historians had to search all the way back to 1948, when Bull Len's sons, Citation and Countdown, ran 1-2 in the Kentucky Derby, to find anything like it.

Granted, the Arkansas Derby has never produced a Kentucky Derby winner, and it might seem an odd place to go looking for a horse that can beat Spectacular Bid. But in 1972 the purse for the Arkansas Derby was upped from \$50,000 to \$100,000, and since then colts who have won the race have been a factor in Triple Crown events. That year No. 1 Le Haze won at Oaklawn Park and finished a game second to Riva Ridge in Louisville. Four years later Elocutionist finished third behind Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure in the Kentucky Derby, before beating both of them to win the Preakness.

This year the Arkansas Derby was

continued



On the outside, Golden Act relied on his strong stretch run to overtake Smarten at Oaklawn Park, boosting his earnings to \$372,250

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worth \$178,800 and brought together 10 runners who, quite frankly, didn't appear ready to compete with either Spectacular Bid or Flying Paster at this time. Some of them already had, with no great success. Calumet Farm's Rivalero had tried Spectacular Bid in February and lost by 10½ lengths; Greentree Stable's Strike The Main had run against Bid in the Flamingo in March and was beaten by 12 lengths.

Golden Act took on Flying Paster once as a 2-year-old and lost by five lengths. But the Golden Act of 1979 is a far different racehorse from the Golden Act of 1978. This year he has run four times and won three races. Four weeks before the Arkansas Derby, Golden Act ran in the Louisiana Derby and won with a strong closing burst. "The Fair Grounds has a long stretch, and that's what my horse needs," says Golden Act's young trainer, Loren Rettele. "His best run comes at the end of races and he loves a long piece of ground. The stretch at Oaklawn isn't as long as the one at Fair Grounds, but it's still long enough for Golden Act to do what he does best. Some people might look at the Kentucky Derby and say, 'Heck, if only one of the two horses, either Spectacular Bid or Flying Paster, were going to run, it would be worth a try, but with two of them it's a pretty bad idea.' I think it's a good idea; they could knock each other off and a horse with a closing punch could catch both of them in the stretch."

At Oaklawn, Golden Act, under 126 pounds, had to give away 11 pounds to Strike The Main. He also ran into a lot of trouble during the 1½-mile race. He was wide on the first turn, dived down the backstretch and then came about eight horses wide turning for home. He also jumped over tractor tracks and shied at some shadows. But while Golden Act won by only a neck, he was pulling away at the finish. His time was 1:50, which was 1½ seconds off the track record. The second horse was Ryehill Farm's Smarten, an improving runner trained by Woody Stephens. Smarten will go in this week's Wood Memorial in New York, and a clearer assessment of the worth of Golden Act's Arkansas Derby victory can be made after evaluating Smarten's showing against the likes of General Assembly, Screen King, Czarovich and Picturique.

Golden Act gave Oaklawn's 58,104 fans their second straight day of excitement. On Friday, a crowd of 52,368 turned out for the \$169,550 Oaklawn Handicap, which went to Greentree's San Juan Hill by a nose over Alydar, who carried 127 pounds and conceded 13 to the winner.

Shortly before the running of the Arkansas Derby, Bob Phipps, a builder and one of the owners of Golden Act, was seated in the lobby of the Holiday Inn at Lake Hamilton, some 10 minutes from Oaklawn. "I suppose that anybody that ever played football would like to play in the Rose Bowl," he said. "Well, every man that owns a racehorse should want to run in the Kentucky Derby, and I darn well do. Maybe it's just the little boy in me. I've never even seen a Kentucky Derby in person, but if Golden Act wins here, we'll be in Kentucky."

Phipps owns Golden Act in partnership with Bill Oldknow, who owns movie theaters, and the two have had good luck together. "We race a lot in northern California," said Phipps, "and one of the biggest kicks I get out of the sport is the fans. When I come out of Golden Gate, I'll climb onto a bus and ride into San Francisco with them just so I can hear them talk. They're marvelous. They are the greatest and funnest losers in the world—nothing went right today, but there's always tomorrow."

As Phipps talked, Golden Act's jockey, Sandy Hawley, hobbled into the lobby on a crutch. Hawley had injured his left foot in an accident at Hollywood Park on Thursday when his mount left the starting gate, and had barely been out of his Hot Springs hotel room on two days. Phipps walked over to Hawley and asked how he was.

Hawley said, "I'm fine. But what I'm going to do is take myself off my other mounts today and ride only Golden Act. I really don't need the crutch. If Golden Act runs back to his race in the Louisiana Derby, he'll win the Arkansas Derby and we can go on to Kentucky."

Hawley, 30, is a brilliant race rider, one who gets every yard from his mounts, yet has never ridden in a Kentucky Derby. "The right horse just never came along up until now," he said. "Golden Act is a strange one; when he gets in front of other horses he doesn't exert himself. But Spectacular Bid and Flying

Paster are the same way. Golden Act should love Churchill Downs."

When Golden Act threw his finishing punch at Oaklawn, it was a knockout. It was also the kind of blow that may alter the thinking of those associated with the two Derby favorites, because they now must assume that Golden Act will be driving at them strongly in the last eighth of a mile in Louisville. "Golden Act is bred to run from 1¼ to 1½ miles," Oldknow says. "Those should be his best distances. I know it seems strange to have two sons of Gummo contending for the Kentucky Derby, but something that might seem even stranger is that Ben Riddle (the owner of Flying Paster), Bob Phipps and I are close friends. Both Riddle and I got interested in Gummo because Gummo sired Ancient Title and he won more than \$1 million."

Gummo now stands at Cardiff Stud Farm in Solvang. He once ran against Bold Bidder, the sire of Spectacular Bid. The race was at Hawthorne Park in 1965, and Bold Bidder beat Gummo by a nose in a very roughly run race in which Gummo, the chart says, "was getting to the winner" at the end. To find Gummo today, one heads northwest 140 miles from Los Angeles and up into the Santa Ynez Mountains, passing signs that say BILLETION, HOME OF SPLIT PEA SOUP, and SOLVANG: DANISH CAPITAL OF AMERICA. There are other signs, as well: CAUTION: THERE MAY BE RATTLESNAILS IN THIS AREA.

Not long ago, one could buy a stud service to Gummo for \$1,000. As recently as last year his fee was only \$7,500, but old Gummo's services are now virtually impossible to come by. With Ancient Title behind him and Flying Paster and Golden Act doing so well, Gummo, who is virtually unknown outside the state of California, may well become the only sire ever to produce three runners that earned \$1 million apiece. Flying Paster already has won \$717,060 and Golden Act has earned \$372,250.

Every morning, Gummo stands in his paddock and listens to the traffic go by on Route 246. His head is held high, his bearing is proud. He has stamped both Flying Paster and Golden Act with a rather distinctive mark: a small white star on the forehead. Right now, that mark seems just perfect. **END**

Order me a beer, Murph

No pork rinds were hatching, but the crappies were fighting to be first on Elmer's hook nonetheless, as he battled his partner to see who was going to buy the suds

A few miles out of Ashland, Ore. there is a reservoir that attracts a lot of old folks—small-scale farmers reluctant to sell their 40 acres, pensioned workers, retired husbands and wives trying to squeeze by on Social Security checks. They come to the reservoir to fish for crappies, which provides them with both sport and a food supply.

In most cases, meat fishing can't be morally justified these days—there are too many people and too few fish. But as far as crappies are concerned, there isn't any problem. In Oregon there is no bag limit on crappies, which are members of the sunfish family, whose most celebrated members are the largemouth and small-mouth bass. Indeed, they are so prolific that it is nearly impossible not to catch them. During spawning, each female produces up to 15,000 eggs, and apparently most of these hatch and survive. Stunting, because of overpopulation is common. In a reservoir's first few years, fish of more than two pounds may be expected. But unless the angling pressure is extremely intense, the growth rate falls off dramatically thereafter until each fish caught will be about the size of a silver dollar with fins.

But if fishermen turn out, the crappies will cooperate. They take spinners, small spoons, dry and wet flies, popping bugs, jigs, worms, minnows, pork rind, yarn tied to a hook—anything that they can grab with their fragile mouths.

The best time to fish for crappies is through the spring and early summer. Because I fish with flies, I usually go to the reservoir during the long, warm, languid evenings around Memorial Day. The spring runoff is over by then, and the farmers haven't started draining the reservoir for irrigation, so the water, its level stabilized, is clearer than at any other time of year.

Last season I drove out after dinner on the first really fine evening that came along. I arrived an hour before sundown, with another hour of legal fishing—often the most productive hour—available after that.

My spot is no secret. At its east end the reservoir narrows into an arm about 100 yards wide, and at the end of this arm a clear-flowing stream comes down from the Cascade foothills. On the south shore of the arm, the banks are steep, the brush is thick and the oak trees are in full leaf. It is an ideal spot, because with the reservoir full, the brush grows right down into the water, and crappies, seeking both minnows and cover, congregate around any sort of sunken vegetation. Along the water's edge between the clumps of brush are large, flat-topped rocks that serve as casting platforms.

I parked at the end of a long line of cars and pickups, put my rod and reel together, tied on a No. 6 white fly with a red shoulder, then climbed down the bank to claim a vacant rock. I found a good one, close enough to the creek so that the movement of the water coming in would give the fly extra motion.

The banks on both sides of the arm were lined with fishermen and women; my nearest neighbor was 10 feet away on a rock to my left. A tanned old man, he was dressed and outfitted typically: high-topped boots, loose-fitting khaki pants, a well-faded work shirt and a cap with the name of a farm equipment company in front. He was fishing with one of those spinning outfits sold in grocery stores, the ones that come complete with rod, reel and line for \$12. There was a small, plastic tackle box at his feet. It displayed a tangle of plugs and lures, jars and bottles. A wet burlap sack nearby appeared to contain a number of fish.

"Hi," I said. "Nice evening."
"Don't you be casting over my line," he answered.

"I won't."
"Darn!" he said. He had lifted his rod to set the hook, but missed the fish. He reeled in quickly to look things over, and I saw that he was casting a red-and-white plastic float with three feet of line below it, the hook baited with a two-inch strip of white pork rind.

"Pork rind working pretty good?" I asked.

"Darn right. Always does. What you using?"

"A wet fly. White."

"Ain't no flies hatching yet."

"There aren't any pork rinds hatching either."

He ignored that and made his cast, but when his float hit the water 20 yards out, he glanced my way. "Pork rinds work any time," he said. "Watch this." Reeling in slowly, he stared hard at the float. Sure enough, before it had gone 10 feet a crappie yanked it under. This time, when he raised the rod, the hook connected, and he quickly landed an eight-inch, unhooked it, killed it and shoved it into his sack. "That's 38," he said, "and I only been here an hour. In fact, less. Pork rinds work anytime!"

"Looks like they do, all right. What's your biggest?"

"All about the same, all about eight."

Working out 35 or 40 feet of line, I was careful to keep my backcast high enough to avoid the little willows and the brush and manzanita growing up the bank behind me. When the floating line hit the barely ruffled surface, I waited 30 seconds for the fly to sink at the end of the nine-foot leader, then retrieved, jerking the fly in, pausing from time to time to let it sink again. Nothing.

The old man hooked and landed another fish, glancing at me to be sure I'd noticed. "Thirty-nine," he said, just to be absolutely certain.

"Nice going," I said, to please him.

"You fish here much?"

"Two or three times a year," I said, "on evenings like this."

"My name's Elmer. I fish the hell out

of this place. Keeps me in meat all year. Keeps that freezer full."

I introduced myself and cast again. "I like to fish," I said, "but I don't like eating them much, so I usually throw them back."

"No darn sense in that."

"I know it. At least not with crappies."

Midway through my retrieve I hooked a fish, but it was off in a matter of seconds. Crappies have mouths as fragile as paper, so you are doing well enough if you land half the fish that take your bait or lure. Seconds after the first one was off, another took, an eight-incher that I landed. Unhooking it, I was careful to avoid the sharp spines along the dorsal fin. I dropped it back into the water.

"Forty," Elmer said, shoving his fish into the burlap sack.

"What's your record?"

"Hundred and three."

"Not bad. You retired?"

"Yep."

I didn't have to ask from what. I had noticed two fingers missing from his right hand. Elmer had worked in a lumber mill.

"You see that geezer across there?" he asked me.

"Straight across there, on the little peninsula?"

"Yeah, that one. That's my partner Murph. We come out here together every night it's good."

"How come you don't fish together?"

"We fish against each other, that's why. He gets that side and I get here, and we got two ways we do it. It counts who gets the biggest fish and who gets the most. Murph drops me off, drives across the bridge and parks over there, see, and then he picks me up when we quit."

"That gives you an extra few minutes."

"I know it. I usually win, too."

"Doesn't Murph complain?"

"Nope. Too proud. Thinks he can fish."

"You bet anything on it?"

"Sure we do! Loser buys beer up the road, that tavern."

I began working out line again.

"Forty-one," Elmer said.

He chuckled gleefully when I carelessly caught my backcast in a willow. In the time it took me to untangle, he had landed and sacked up two more fish. He was going strong.

The evening wore on, time passing quickly, as time spent fishing always does. I caught fish, so did Elmer, and 100 yards across the water Murph was reeling them in too. Everybody was. Snatches of conversation and bursts of laughter carried over the quiet water.

When the sun sank, the last traces of wind died, and the water was dark and perfectly smooth. And the fishing actually improved. I had already landed 25 or 30 fish. Elmer was up in the 80s, perhaps on the way to a personal record.

He obviously had a good day's worth of meat, but he showed no signs of quitting or even slowing down.

There was perhaps another quarter hour of legal fishing left when I decided to quit. My floating line was sinking now, coated with sediment from the rather turbid water, and a sinking line is not much fun to handle in standing water. I decided to head for home. On my last cast, I landed a crappie of 12 or 13 inches, a perfect fish, thick and beautifully marked. I killed it and gave it to Elmer before starting back to the car.

"Maybe there's more big ones down on the bottom," I told him. "You ought to try a few more feet of line below your float."

"I want more, not bigger," he said.

"This one you gave me's sure to beat Murph. I got to beat 'im with most, too."

"You going to tell him you caught that big one?"

"Darn right!" Elmer glanced at me and smiled, then chuckled. I could barely see him through the darkness. "But I'll tell 'im the truth tomorrow."

"Maybe he saw me give it to you."

"Naw. Too dark."

"Whatever you think. So long, Elmer."

"Let 'im worry about it tonight. Then I'll tell 'im tomorrow. O.K.?"

"Sure, why not? So long."

I climbed up the bank. "Ninety-seven," Elmer muttered behind me. **END**





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² Health Systems Agencies were created as part of the National Health Planning and

Resources Development Act of 1974. Their mandate is to improve the health of the American people; continuity and quality of health services; restrain increases in the cost of providing health services and prevent unnecessary duplication of health services.

³ In a recent survey by the American Health Planning Association, health planning agencies

across the country reported that in one two-year period they were instrumental in preventing over \$3 billion in capital investment for health care facilities. It's also important to note that there have been no indications that the quality of medical care has been impaired by their efforts.

⁴ It's estimated that 100,000 short-term hospital beds stand

idle—an idle bed costing almost 60% as much to maintain as one in use. Blue Cross recently noted that health care providers in southern California are reported to have ordered or installed enough \$500,000 CAT scanners to serve the entire western United States.

A couple that has won a pair

Stanford coaches Dick and Anne Gould are wedded to each other and their jobs

Probably the least impressive building on Stanford's 8,200 wooded acres is the dark-green shack that nestles against one end of the concrete tennis stadium. It looks like a place for storing sacks of fertilizer. In fact, it's sort of a honey-moon cottage, the headquarters of two

unusual marriages—that of the Stanford men's and women's tennis teams and that of coaches Dick and Anne Gould.

Inside, the shack is cramped and cluttered—with a couple of file cabinets, framed photos and magazine covers of past and present Cardinal stars, two sofas and a coffee table, a pair of desks, videotape machines, cases of tennis balls and a mini-refrigerator.

And trophies, some shiny, some festooned with cobwebs. The two newest are special, because in 1978 the Goulds pulled off a unique husband-wife double by coaching national championship teams in the same season.

It is 8 o'clock on a cool spring morning, and the tennis shack is uninhabited. The Phone-Mate has not yet received any messages. It is between quarters at Stanford, but most of the top players will be here in an hour for the first of the day's two workouts. There is to be no holiday for them.

And no holiday for the Goulds. It drizzled the night before, and they are on the 11 Plexiglas courts, wielding squeegies, getting rid of the puddles so that

not a second of practice time will be lost. So much for the glamour of coaching college tennis.

Later, when the players go off for lunch and rest, the Goulds will catch up on their paper work, answer the phone messages, perform and check off the tasks they listed the night before. Stanford tennis is just one of their enterprises. They give private lessons, teach phys ed classes in the off-season, run the Stanford Tennis Camp and help select tennis teachers for the Club Med resort chain. If time permits before the start of afternoon practice, they will invade the fridge and consume their standard lunch of cheddar cheese slices on Triscuits washed down by diet soda.

Things are pretty much the same when school is in session. Although there is just one workout for each team then, there is a heavy schedule of dual matches and tournaments. "We get here pretty early in the morning and leave pretty late," says Dick, 41, who has been married to Anne, 27, for a year and a half. "Lots of times there's weekend stuff, and there are things in the summer, even though our teams aren't here. Basically we're together 24 hours a day."

Stanford's men's and women's programs were joined in 1975, in the sense that Dick was made overall tennis director and the teams began practicing on adjacent courts. Before that, the women worked out on the other side of the campus from the tennis stadium.

"I remember sitting down with Dick when they were going to merge the departments," says Nancy Peterson, Stanford's tennis publicist, "and I asked him how he felt about it, because here he had this domain already built. The first thing he said to me was, 'We're going to do the absolute best that we can.'"

"That's not the case every place by any means. I know at some other schools, when I've asked what they're doing in women's sports, they've said, 'As little as possible.'"

In pursuit of excellence, Gould recommended Anne Hill, a former Stanford player and Phi Beta Kappa, to coach the women. Dick, who also graduated from

Anne's women won the AIAW title last year after Dick's men triumphed in the NCAA's





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SIMULATED PICTURE

Stanford, and Anne got married about two years later; by then the marriage of Stanford's two tennis programs could be regarded as a most successful union. The men's team was third in the nation in '76 and first in '77, the women were second in Anne's first two seasons. Then came last year's unprecedented championship double.

The men's title came first, at the University of Georgia in May. Led by John McEnroe, who had already been the youngest Wimbledon semifinalist in history, the Cardinals were solid favorites to win their second consecutive title and fourth in six years. Matt Mitchell and Perry Wright got Stanford off to a good start by beating the semis in doubles. McEnroe best teammate Bill Maze in three sets in the singles semis and then won a tough four-set final over North Carolina's John Sadri. McEnroe thus became the fifth freshman to win the NCAA singles, following Southern California's Bob Falkenberg in 1946 and UCLA's Jimmy Connors and Billy Martin in 1971 and 1975, respectively, and Trinity's Bill Scanlon in 1976.

"My team was practicing back at school," says Anne. "During the semifinals and final we were getting almost an hour-by-hour report. One thing about having a combined program is that each team really takes a special interest in the other and how it's doing. When the men were away, the women were asking, 'What's going on? How are they doing?'"

This season the U.S. Tennis Association has scrapped its women's intercollegiate championships, leaving the trophy-giving to the AIAW. But in 1978 there were still two title tournaments, and confusion reigned. Southern Cal won the USTA's version, held in San Antonio. In early June Stanford won the AIAW version in Salisbury, Md. It was the first national women's team championship in Stanford history.

To mark the occasion the women players bought Anne vanity license plates, which read AIAW 1, to match Dick's NCAA 1 tags.

The Goulds have made the winning seem so easy and joyous that one tends to forget that Stanford shares with other good tennis schools the problem of players turning pro. McEnroe did so after his freshman year. Avon Futures champ Kathy Jordan is sure to leave Stanford after this season, though she will have two years of eligibility left. Mitchell

turned pro this season just before three Texas powers, SMU, Texas and Trinity, visited Palo Alto. Dick was left without his best player, and Stanford lost two of the three meets.

And the advantages of a coed program are not always obvious. There are women who get miffed when a man won't hit with them. There are men who give the impression that they wouldn't stand a bit if the females went back to playing on the other side of the campus. Also, as in any sport, there are non-starters who gripe and players low on the ladder who feel slighted.

There is no way to cure the pro or ladder problems; there will always be unhappy athletes and the temptation of money. Perhaps, too, there will always be players who don't show up for the Goulds' annual tennis players' golf tournament and other events designed to build coed tennis solidarity. But the advantages of the combined men's-women's program seem to outweigh the disadvantages.

For example, the Goulds have worked out a deal with Stanford tennis boosters and a travel agent to take a coed holiday every Thanksgiving. Three years ago the vacation spot was Mazatlan; in '77 it was Kauai; and in '78 it was Montego Bay. For every two boosters who sign up, one player goes free.

Last year the Stanford men and women joined forces to play the pro Golden Gaters of World Team Tennis in the school's 8,000-seat Maples Pavilion. More than 5,000 fans showed up to see ace freshman McEnroe play against alumnus Sandy Mayer. McEnroe lost his match, but the Gaters barely triumphed 24-23 in a super tiebreaker.

The exhibition was just another of Dick's successful promotions. It was he who in 1974 persuaded the school to obtain a used 120'-by-60' Sportface carpet, allowing important matches to be played at night in Maples. The first two such matches, played against USC and UCLA, drew 14,000 fans, the largest two-day crowd ever to see collegiate tennis.

Dick's instruction book, *Tennis Anyone?*, sells about 35,000 copies a year. His Stanford Tennis School, held on the campus courts during the summer, pumps money into the Buck Club, which in turn contributes funds for tennis grants-in-aid. In 1977 the Goulds led a U.S.-China Relations Committee-

sponsored trip to the People's Republic.

In 1966 Dick and a friend from his hometown of Ventura, Calif., Tom Chivington, formed Recreation Tennis Inc., which trains tennis teachers and supplies them to San Francisco Bay area recreation departments. Anne Hall was once one of those teachers. Recreation Tennis has had as many as 40 instructors working for it.

Chivington has known Dick since they took a beginning tennis class together in junior high school and is one of his biggest boosters. "When Dick returned to Stanford as coach in 1966, there were skeptics," he says, "and I said, 'I'll give him five years to win the national championship. In fact, I'm going to bet \$10 on it.'"

It took Dick seven years to win the title, still quite an accomplishment, considering he was elbowing his way into a territory previously ruled by master coaches Glenn Bassett of UCLA and George Toley of USC. He did it mainly by being one of the most persistent letter writers in the history of the U.S. mail.

All that letter writing has paid off, because talent has poured in to Stanford in recent years. Roscoe Tanner from Tennessee, Mayer from New Jersey, John Whittinger from Wisconsin, Pat DuPre from Alabama, Chico Hagey from La Jolla, McEnroe from New York. Some didn't play the full four years, but they were on the scene long enough for Stanford to win its enviable collection of national titles.

Like Dick, Anne is the child of Stanford-educated parents. She grew up in Venezuela, where her father worked as a steel company executive, and she was that nation's top-ranked woman in both singles and doubles in 1968. Stanford was conference champ in women's tennis in '69-'71, which were her three years on the team.

Both the men's and women's teams are less experienced this year—Dick's squad is 9-3 in dual matches, Anne's is 8-2—but both are rich with young, promising players. And while Anne makes birthday cakes for the team members and Dick dreams up new ways to promote college tennis, they haven't neglected to make their lists of tasks, to write their recruiting letters and to keep a firm grip on their squeeze handles. That little green shack next to the tennis stadium is the seat of an empire, and they want to keep it that way.



Bob Eastwood



Mike Hill



Rex Caldwell



Gene Lister



Tommy Aston



Frank Beard



Peter Ossathus



Keith Fergus



Al Gerberger



Lon Hinkle



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Caulkins gave 'em five

Although weakened by a virus, Tracy Caulkins, America's leading female swimmer, didn't come up short at the short-course nationals, establishing five U.S. records

On the eve of the AAU National Short Course Championships, at East Los Angeles College, America's fastest female swimmer, Tracy Caulkins, and one of America's fastest pools were both ailing—one from the debilitating aftereffects of a virus and the other from the plumbing equivalent of a double hernia. But, thanks to youthful resilience and plumbers who were working on a rush job, 15 U.S. records were set, five by the 16-year-old Caulkins. In order, her meet in detail.

- On Wednesday night she won the 100-yard breaststroke in a record 1:01.82 (the old mark was hers)

- Two events later she lowered the national record in the 500-yard freestyle by more than three seconds while winning the event in 4:36.25. It was the first time she had swum the event in a major meet, and she broke the record held by Cynthia Woodhead, who is one of the nation's best swimmers.

- On Thursday night she broke her own record in the 400-yard individual medley by more than three seconds, swimming 4:08.09. Later in the evening she helped her Nashville Aquatic Club win the 400-yard medley relay.

- She took a day off Friday, swimming only the first leg on the second-place 800-yard freestyle relay team.

- On Saturday night, refreshed from her little vacation, she won the 200-yard IM in 1:57.86, breaking her old record by 1.47 seconds. And, swimming the first leg of the 400-yard freestyle relay, she was clocked in 49.03, smashing Woodhead's record that had stood for all of an hour (individual records can be set only on the first legs of relays).

And think what she might have done with the proper preparation. "She was

sick before this meet," said her father, Tom. "Three and a half weeks ago she caught what we thought was the 48-hour virus-type thing. It put her down, really wiped her out for 48 hours. Her coach, Don Talbot, was very concerned. We took her to the doctor's and had all the blood tests and things like that. Showed nothing. But she wasn't doing it. She couldn't perform in practice. She was swimming very poorly—very

continued



Mary T. Meagher, 14, won the 200 butterfly. Steve Lundquist, 18, set a pair of U.S. records



Caulkins, 16, has both the speed needed for the sprints and the stamina required for distance events

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poorly. But she began to get a little bit better every day, and Don said, 'It's going to be close.'"

The pool's ailments were much more serious. In January it was discovered that the foundation had dropped as much as 30 inches in some places, which caused two pipes to crack, which caused more water seepage, which—well, it was a plumber's dream come true. A backup pool was readied and the printing of the program was placed on hold.

The community-college district put up the bucks for quick repairs, and the AAU spent close to \$20,000 in setting up an electronic timing system. The pool survived a wet run, which was fortunate. It's the deepest permanent-walled 25-yard pool in the world—the "shallow" end is 11', the deep end 13'—and deep pools mean less turbulence, hence, faster times.

Caulkins took full advantage of the conditions. "She's probably the greatest swimmer in the world today, male or female," says USC Coach Peter Daland, "and her event possibilities are almost unlimited. I'm sure that if she were to train for a month for backstroke that she would be giving the champion here, Linda Jezek, all she could handle. We've had some great versatile people, but she probably is as good as anybody we've had. And the thing that's most amazing about her is that she has the speed to go sprints and the stamina to go distance."

"Her concentration level is pretty much above any other swimmer I've worked with," says Paul Bergen, who was her coach in Nashville before becoming the women's coach at the University of Texas.

Bergen's move left Caulkins in the care of his replacement, Talbot, an Australian who has coached Olympic swim teams for his native land and for Canada. "There is a little bit of stress on me to make sure that she does the job," says Talbot. "She's the golden girl of the United States, and if I blow it, some swimming people are going to cut their throats." Or Talbot's.

However, there's scant danger of that happening after Caulkins' showing in East L.A. Tracy's dad, a swimming official himself, was among the pleased. "People ask her mother and me how we raised her," he says. "I can't claim credit. That's just the way she is. But she has my teeth! She's been in braces four years now. Fifty dollars a month for

four years. She's about through. She's going to get them off any time now."

So much for her dental future. What about preparations for the Pan-Am games and the 1980 Olympics? "I don't think I really have a best event," Caulkins says. "But if I had to pick one, I'd pick the 400 IM. I like that one the best... I like to train in all the strokes. Moscow? I'll probably enter the 400 IM, maybe the 400 free and the breaststroke. I'm not really sure, things could change by then."

Tennis star Tracy Austin has rid herself of her tin grin and Tracy Caulkins will shed hers soon, but orthodontists will continue to have a walking—or, in this case, swimming—advertisement in Mary T. Meagher, 14, of Louisville. (One of her 10 siblings is also a Mary, hence the middle initial.) Meagher (pronounced maw-her) was one of the bright new stars to emerge dripping and happy from the East Los Angeles pool. The AAU's short-course event usually provides upsets and fresh faces, and this year's edition was no exception. Mary T. won the 200-yard butterfly in 1:56.58, beating out, among others, American record-holder Nancy Hogshead.

She recently switched clubs, joining Louisville's Lakeside Swim Club, which does its summer training in a 50-meter pool carved out of what used to be a rock quarry that is bordered by trees. Winter training is much less sylvan and much less sane, being conducted in a six-lane, 25-yard bathtub that is often more crowded than a fish hatchery.

"She came to us this fall," says her coach, Denny Pursley. "It appeared to me when I first started working with her that she had the ability to hold her stroke for a longer distance better than any butterflyer I had ever seen. So that's what we decided to work her for, and it certainly paid off when we got here this week."

"Last year at this time she went to the Junior Olympics and won both the 100 and 200 butterfly in record time. She and her teammate, Lisa Buese, who made the Pan-American team in the 100-yard fly, are the two hardest-working athletes I've ever had the privilege of coaching or swimming with when I was swimming."

By comparison, 18-year-old Steve Lundquist, who goes 6' 2", 180, and has what seems like thick, flesh-colored steel cable where his neck should be, confessed to the heresy that he had prepared for the nationals by taking it easy. Just a good

continued



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SWIMMING continued

old Georgia boy savoring his senior year in high school, in the Atlanta suburb of Jonesboro.

Yet he won the 100- and 200-yard breaststrokes and set U.S. records in both: 54.08 (in morning qualifying) and 1:59.18. "Strength is the main factor in the breaststroke, not finesse," he said, "and I'm pretty strong from lifting weights. I'm out of shape. Didn't get back in the pool until 10 days ago. I worked out with a little weight training for football season—I'm a defensive end—and I went to a swim meet during Christmas, but I didn't work out or anything. A lot of people do stretching exercises whether they're in the pool or not. I've never done stretching exercises. As a matter of fact, I can't even touch my toes.

"The main reason I haven't trained is that I'm a senior. The second main reason is next year I'm going to go all out for the Olympics. Why should I work now when I'm going to have to work next year twice as hard? I've never had a rest since I was eight years old hardly. I'll take it now instead of next year during the Olympics."

Going into the meet, Lundquist figured he only had a chance in the 100. Later he credited his brain rather than his muscles for his success in the longer race. "The 200 you have to use your noggin," he said. "You have to plan it out and everything's got to be just right. I knew that I had to work my turns because my swimming ability isn't that good right now."

So he got a fine start, "worked" the turns expertly and cracked the record. So much for touching one's toes. Touching the wall first is what counts.

The rest of the winners were a mixture of newcomers and men and women (or boys and girls) familiar to readers of *Swimming World*. Distance ace Brian Goodell of UCLA and the Mission Viejo Nadadores picked up where he had left off at the NCAA meet, taking the 500 freestyle and 1,650 freestyle (the latter in a U.S. record 14:47.27). Woodhead, 15, took the women's 100 and 200 freestyles in U.S. record times, although Caulkins snatched the 100 record away before Sippy got a good grip on it. Kim Linehan, 16, of Sarasota, Fla., known to her mother as the Carbo Queen for her overconsumption of carbohydrates, won the women's 1,650 in a U.S.-record 15:49.10.

Mission Viejo's Jesse Vassallo, 17,

topped teammate Goodell with three wins: 200 backstroke and 200 and 400 individual medleys, the latter in still another U.S. record time: 3:48.24.

Because the top two U.S. finishers in each event were named to the U.S. team that will compete in the Pan-Am Games in Puerto Rico in July, Vassallo will be returning to the country of his birth. Perhaps it won't be as a hero, however, since Puerto Rico competes in the Olympics and Pan-Am Games as a separate entity, and Vassallo decided long ago to throw in his goggles with U.S. swimming.

One of the interested observers of Vassallo's brilliant 400 medley victory was USC's Daland. "I watched it because I'm coaching the guy who was second [the aptly named Jeff Float]," he said. "I talked to Jesse afterward. Apparently he was set up for a .47-plus and he went a .48-low, which is hitting it awfully close. He has the big middle legs for the IM, the backstroke and the breast, and he's more than adequate on the fly and the free. There is really no place to cut in on Jesse. He has the four legs, he's in fantastic condition, he's a great racer."

Because Vassallo, like Lundquist, is a high school senior, Daland and an armada of other swim coaches are interested in his services. But his plans are to go to junior college for one year and continue training for the Olympics under Mission Viejo Coach Mark Schubert.

Yale Coach Frank Keefe, who will be the men's and women's swimming coach for the Pan-Am Games, has no recruiting worries for the Puerto Rican trip. All but a handful of the short-course winners and runners-up are more than happy to interrupt their summer training to go along.

"In comparison to the '75 team, it's fantastic," he said. "I'm looking at a team right now that is very close to the same people we had at the world championships last year in West Berlin. Also a lot of kids we had in the meet against East Germany the year before. I think it's the new breed of American swimmer."

"You take Cynthia Woodhead and Tracy Caulkins. They've been on two or three international trips together. They know each other very well. There's much more of a national feeling right now than I've noticed in years."

"And that Tracy. She's swimming as well as good men in college are. I could use her on my college team."

END

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BIG HORSE COMIN'

This is what Spectacular Bid's hot-walker calls out when he takes the Derby favorite for a stroll. And you best watch out, 'cause he's comin' on strong

by **CLIVE GAMMON**

CONTINUED

BIG HORSE

continued

Everything is ready. Around Lexington, the pasture-land is green enough for Tipperary. At the Keeneland track, the elms, winter skeletons only a week ago, are misty with new growth. Spring was right on time in Kentucky this year, but the star was a little late. For 10 days the third stall in Barn 17 stood fresh, clean and empty, new straw for bedding at hand.

Twice, the DC-8 at Miami International Airport had been readied to fly the finest 3-year-old racehorse in America northward. Twice the journey was put off. But finally, as it should be for stars, everything was perfect—68° at Gulfstream Park in Florida, 68° at Keeneland. On Sunday, April 8, the colt walked calmly up the ramp from his van to the aircraft and was settled up front. He travels first class, of course, and, like any other first-class passenger, he is entitled to be irritated when things go wrong.

In this case, a faulty valve at takeoff caused hot air to flood his box stall for 15 minutes. He broke into a sweat

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



Trainer Bud Delp (left) gave Ron Francisco plenty to ponder after his controversial ride in the Florida Derby, which almost cost the jockey his mount.

and did some kicking. But the rest of the two-hour flight was fine. By midafternoon he was in his new stall at Keeneland and making short work of seven quarts of oats. The next morning he would gallop two miles, in preparation for the Blue Grass Stakes on April 26 and, on the heels of that, the great three-act drama of the Triple Crown.

The gray colt—"gray" is unworthily dull; call him gun-metal shot with copper—is ready. Spectacular Bid has moved to center stage.

When Spectacular Bid went south last December, to winter and take one of the classic routes to Churchill Downs, his credentials were imposing. He was the 2-year-old champion and the winter-book favorite for the Derby. Less than six weeks earlier, at the Laurel Futurity in Maryland, he had shattered his Eastern rivals, General Assembly and Tim the Tiger, who had been depicted, prematurely, as the new Affirmed and Alydar. He had won by an effortless $8\frac{1}{2}$ lengths in track-record time.

Vital statistics: 1976 gray colt by Bold Bidder out of Spectacular by Promised Land, \$37,000, Keeneland Fall Sales. Owner: Hawksworth Farm. Breeder: Mrs. W. Jason and Mrs. W. Gilmore. Trainer: Grover G. Delp. To which might be added: earnings, \$649,980; present insured value, \$14,170,000; present market value, impossible to guess.

A lot of money indeed to bundle into a big horse van for a 23-hour road trip from Laurel to Gulfstream Park. Just that happened, though, when Bid headed south last Dec. 6 and Bud Delp blue-skied happily about the smoothness of the trip. As is his wont. He admitted later (as is also his wont) that the ride had been a scary one. Though Bid was traveling in a separate compartment up front, another of the string (there were six other horses aboard) had become agitated, and had to be shipped back to Maryland.

But everything else was blue sky. Delp flew down ahead of Spectacular Bid and led him into Barn 5 when he arrived at Gulfstream on a Thursday. By Sunday the colt was galloping on the track. "Strong, supergood!" crowed Delp. "He acclimated great. There was a mild autumn in Maryland; the change didn't hurt him. We were in no hurry. We had until the first week in February"—the Hutcheson, Bid's first prep, was on Feb. 7—"and we just wanted to be sure he was in good flesh. We let up on him, let him relax. Gallop a mile and a half, two miles, nice and easy, just as he likes to do. Takes about as much out of him as walking around the barn three times takes out of me."

The truth was that the take-it-easy policy suited Delp as much as it did the horse. Most of January he had spent around the swimming pool watching TV—*All in the Family* preferred—at the villa he had rented in Golden Beach, a wealthy section of private houses set between

continued



Effulgent owner Harry Meyershoff (right) and Delp decided to keep Franklin on Spectacular Bid, and he responded with an easy win in his next race.



the condominiums and hotels of Hallandale and North Miami Beach.

It was as pleasant a place as Delp could have chosen to sit out a three-week suspension that he had received for hitting an exercise boy at Laurel back in November (the Laurel stewards handed down his suspension but there was a reciprocal agreement with Florida). Delp had punched the rider because, he contended, the latter had endangered both Spectacular Bid and his jockey, Ronnie Franklin. The sudden flash of temper was characteristic. So was his immediate admission that he had been wrong to hit the boy.

The impulsiveness, the seeming lack of control under stress, has been noted many times since Delp and his horse began to achieve fame late last year, and there are those who attribute his low boiling point to his sudden emergence into the limelight. During his 24 years in the business, 18 as a trainer, Delp has saddled more than 2,000 winners, but almost all at less than fashionable tracks like Bowie in Maryland and Monmouth Park in New Jersey. Last month, as Spectacular Bid was taking his last breeze before the Flamingo, a horseman said of Delp, "He'll be a basket case before he gets to the Derby."

History almost repeated itself one morning at Gulfstream. A moist, warm wind was blowing over the track. Bid had breezed perfectly, coming straight out of the chute and going straight and fast to the half-mile post. "That horse don't need no training," said a stablehand with admiration. Then, as Bid trotted back toward his barn—Delp walking briskly behind him—an exercise boy, only feet away, reared up his mount and started it kicking and plunging as if it were in a rodeo. Sagaciously, Bid skipped out of the way.

When he reached the barn, Delp, swinging his riding

whip, looked in a dangerous mood. "I know that jerk," he said. "He does it all the time. He wants his picture in the paper. Who does he work for? If I had him here now I'd knock his teeth out."

A few moments later, no more than 50 feet away, unmistakable in his striped shirt and orange helmet, the errant rider was standing and staring with insolent challenge at Delp.

"Don't hit him, Bud," one of his staff said anxiously.

"You crazy?" Delp said, grinning. "I'd rather hit you. You wouldn't do nothing."

A tense moment passed. "It'll be a miracle if we get through to the Triple, jerks like that around," he grumbled. But he was clearly in control.

The truth is that Delp is by no means the loudmouthed redneck that he is sometimes made out to be, though it is also true that he sometimes brings the judgment on himself because he enjoys playing the role so much. He is a quick-witted, sensitive man with a gift for the sharp phrase. But it is a two-edged gift, and one which he cannot resist using. "Make it quick," he tells the press one morning at the barn. "When my horse starts pawing, I start pawing." A photographer innocently asks what time Bid gets fed. "If you don't know when horses get fed," says Delp, "go out and buy a goddamn book about horses." Even more bluntly, on the phone to Hall of Fame Jockey Eddie Arcaro, "If you want to see me, get your butt over to my barn."

In contrast, consider the warmth and affection in which he is held by his assistant trainer, Charlie Bettis, by his exercise rider, Bob Smith, by his groom, Moe Hall. Consider his closeness to his two teen-age sons and, in spite of everything that has happened, to his "third son," *continued*



After his bath Bid resembles a spectacular statue, and by the conclusion of the Triple Crown he may be ready for bronze



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BIG HORSE

continued

who has lived as a member of the family for two years, Ronnie Franklin. At Gulfstream some mornings this winter and spring, the barn looked like Muhammad Ali's camp before a big fight, what with the friends, relatives and hangers-on.

Somewhat desperately aware of this, Delp vows to find living quarters at least 20 miles from Churchill Downs for the Derby. He even told his mother he would not give her his telephone number there. "You'd better, you'd better," she told him. "You can't lose me." She will certainly get it from him. She makes great scrapple, he confesses. Gargantuan scrapple-based breakfasts are what Delp trains on. Spectacular Bid's breakfast is two quarts of oats from the night watchman at 4 a.m. Depending on his training program, he gets from 11 to 14 quarts of oats a day, supplemented with heavy clover, timothy mix, alfalfa hay, a vitamin compound called Drive, a blood tonic called Red-glow and a doughnut now and then. Delp gets up at 5:45, arrives at 6:30 and begins to orchestrate a routine that is almost as ceremonious as a royal levee at the court of an 18th-century French king.

It begins with the ritual looking-over. First, Moe inspects the horse. Then Charlie. Then Dougie and Gerald. Delp's two teenage sons. Then Delp himself. Next comes the binding on of the work bandages. "He had a slight tendency to burn his heels last summer," Delp explains. "They are only precautions, but I'm not going to take them off. He'll race in them, in fact." They are white bandages, fixed with red tape. Moe, in his battered fishing hat, applies them.

Bid's tack goes on. By now it's around 7 a.m. He emerges, takes a turn around the barn. Smith gets on him and he heads out to the track, escorted by Rokey, a somewhat decadent-looking pony, with Bob's wife Cheryl up. "Heck, he doesn't really need a pony," Delp says. "Rocky is just there to ride shotgun, watch in case there's a loose horse."

On a breezing day, Rokey is left off after Bid has walked down the stretch. Then he'll take a full gallop, a mile and a quarter, before he breaks off. The last quarter, Bob will have him running strong. "Bob will be clocking off those eighths," Delp says. "Bob has a clock in his head."

Bob, in fact, prefers to be known by his professional name, R. A. Smith, because he is still hoping to return to his career as a full-time jockey—he was the leading apprentice at Santa Anita in 1970. "But he had a little problem with his weight," Delp says, "and with a blood disorder that put him out of race riding. But he's coming back and he's ridden about 10 races this year." Smith is an intelligent, quiet-spoken man of 29. "Without somebody like him," Delp says, "there is no way a trainer can get the best out of a horse, a Spectacular Bid or a \$5,000 claimer."

Speaking of Bid, a vivid warmth comes into Smith's voice. "He's so smart and swift to respond. Move your hands on him one time, he goes to automatic. He'll gallop a mile at precisely the same pace until you make another move. Just tell him something, and he'll change. If you want him to relax the last half-mile, say, you tell him, he'll do it. He's such an

easy horse, so willing. A kind horse on the track. Easy and effortless, easy and effortless."

Which is precisely what Ronnie Franklin will tell you. He never exercises the horse himself, but he is at the stable every morning to talk to him ("Hello, punk!" Delp says to Franklin typically, passing by and pulling his hair). Ronnie is Steve Cautheaux with a smile, perhaps more of a boy at 19 than Steve was at 16, more dewy-eyed at the succession of events that has brought him from a row house in Dundalk, a working-class section of Baltimore, by way of the humble position of hot-walker to Delp's string, to potential winning jockey at Churchill Downs. Anyone who might consider the trainer to be harsh or ungenerous would do well to observe the way that Ronnie looks at him.

The same kind of affection is apparent in a less easily impressed man, Moe Hall, who has been with Delp for nine years. "Much more than a groom," Delp says. "Out in the snow every morning at 4 a.m. midwinter in Bowie. Nothing makes him nervous. No way I've ever seen him nervous. Maybe takes a little too much V.O. now and then, but I've had a little too much myself at times. If that horse is in perfect shape, Moe has had a lot to do with it."

Moe, a calm, somewhat cynical-looking man, supervises the ritual of the bath and rubdown that follows exercise, clearly the part the horse enjoys most. This takes place on a piece of green artificial turf, placed to protect Bid from the unforgiving asphalt. "It should be royal red," Delp observes, "but it's next best—money green."

First, Bid gets a bucket of warm water, with disinfectant and salt in it, over his body. Then a second bucket of clean water for his face. This bit he doesn't like so much. "He gets pecky," Delp notes. Bid is not the kind of horse whose muzzle you can rub. Even Delp sometimes gets nipped. Least nipped are Bob and the two boys. After the rub, Moe applies a blanket—royal red this time—for the cooling-out walk. And when Bid goes for his walk, you had better keep a good lookout.

In a voice as formal and stentorian as a town crier's, the walker—often Doug or Gerald—calls out. "Watch your backs! Big horse back of me! Big horse comin'!"

Spectacular Bid is a little under 16 hands, so that he is not noticeably bigger than most of the horses around the barn. But, indisputably, he is the Big Horse, with almost audible capitals.

The scheduled walk is 45 minutes. Sometimes, though, Bid gets bored after half an hour and shows it. He'll throw his head, reach out with a leg, as if he were saying, "It's time for the hay. I want to get back to my quarters. I want to relax." Often he gets his way by falling asleep standing up. When he does get his hay ration, he likes to eat it from the ground, not from a rack, standing, if he can, with his tail in a bucket of water. After an hour, Moe comes in and "fools with him a while." Finally, he sleeps. Moe says, "lying on the ground like a cow."

The training regimen that Delp arranged for the big horse in Florida was entirely pragmatic. "I don't train horses on a 30-day schedule," he declares. "It would bore them to death. Like, I might say, 'He's going three quarters tomorrow def-

continued

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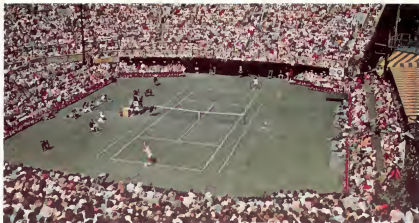
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insely." But I'm not going to know until after that work just what he'll need in the next one. It might be a sharp 3/4ths. It might be a sharp half-mile out of the gate. If he looks a little tired, I'll have the chance to come back and do a three quarters again. So no way my horse is going to be hurt. My horse is going to be helped."

This loose planning certainly seemed to work well at the start of the Florida campaign. On Feb. 7 Bid took the Hutcherson by almost four lengths. Twelve days later came an even more positive win in the Fountain of Youth. It looked as if the Eastern challenge, virtually confined by now to General Assembly, was less of a threat than ever. "He's a good colt," said Delp of his erstwhile rival, "but I don't think LeRoy Jolley has decided what to do. If my horse had been dusted off the way his was, I'd be keeping away for as long as possible."

That prophecy, made early in the year, was a fair one. A later rumor, that General Assembly might go in the Flamingo, was quickly scotched, and by then the Eastern colt was simply not in Delp's mind. He was only considering the California colt Flying Paster as a serious rival. And then, not overly much. "I've never seen Flying Paster," he said. "I've looked at his charts. But, you know, I really can't worry about these other horses." This was before Flying Paster's loss in the San Felipe Handicap when, carrying 127 pounds, he was third. And it was also before Spectacular Bid's curious victory in the Florida Derby.

Having dismissed Flying Paster almost on the spur of the moment, Delp began to muse aloud. "It would only be a couple more hours to fly from Hollywood to Lexington. . . ." Suddenly, one is amazed to realize he is talking about Hollywood, California and its Derby, on April 14: "Only \$200 to nominate . . . if he just wins his three races here at Gulfstream, he could fly out there, beat Flying Paster by eight or 10 lengths, and the Kentucky Derby would be a walk-over! What a thought! What publicity!"

The idea was grabbed from the air, quickly forgotten. It was unlikely, indeed, that the Meyerhoffs, the big horse's owners, ever heard of it. "We have great influence on Bud," Tom Meyerhoff says cheerfully. "He tells us what to do and we agree."

Nevertheless, it was Tom's father, 50-year-old Harry Meyerhoff, who put in the winning, but none-too-spectacular, bid of \$37,000 for the big horse at the Keeneland fall sales of 1977. "He was one of the last of 250 or so horses we looked over," says Harry. "He was in Burn 21, right at the end, right down by the track kitchen."

That year, Delp was late getting to the sales. He had missed his plane and had to spend a night in Atlanta. "All day long," Harry Meyerhoff recalls, "he talked about the great grits they had fed him down there." Delp approved Meyerhoff's selection of Bid as a horse to go for. "Looks like a runner," was the note Delp wrote in his catalog.

Meyerhoff, a bearded, jolly man, made his money building houses around Baltimore, and he was willing to earmark at least \$60,000, with a mental reserve of 10% more, for the gray colt. The price delighted him.

Now, 25-year-old Tom has relieved him of most of his

building business. Harry sat with Teresa, his second wife, and with Tom also, on a recent sparkling-blue spring morning, in the living room of Hawksworth Farm, close to Easton, on Maryland's Eastern Shore. The three of them clearly were living through the countdown to the Derby with all the patience of small children waiting for Christmas. Out on the water, two white workboats dredged for oysters. Peacocks strutted the lawns. Yes, indeed, Tom had already been to check out Churchill Downs, had even paced the distance from the Meyerhoff box in the third tier of the stands to the winner's circle.

A beautiful year for the Meyerhoffs. Even their other horses win, though nobody notices. Hawksworth Farm has handled four crops of thoroughbreds so far—21 horses—and 19 have won races. The Florida Derby provided them with the only vaguely sour note.

The events of this year's Florida Derby—the ones on the track, that is—are well documented. Bid broke badly, hit the side of the gate (there were bloodstains on Ronnie's breeches when the race ended). Going into the first turn, the jockey had the chance to clear Sir Ivor Again, with Angel Cordero aboard, but failed to go through. ("If I had been riding Bid," Delp said belligerently the next morning, "Cordero would have moved his horse or he would have been on his hands and knees in the sand.") Franklin had to steady the big horse and move behind Cordero, and by the time he hit the backstretch he was trailing the leaders by 10 lengths. Majestically, Bid made up the ground, only for Ronnie to fall into still another trap, boxed in on the far turn by three horses. Only the superlative quality of his mount enabled him to check, go four horses wide, draw clear in the final sixteenth and win by 4½ lengths.

Well witnessed also was Delp's anger at the race's end. To all in the winner's circle it was plain that Franklin was on his way home to Maryland. The Meyerhoffs looked sick and sorry. To add to Ronnie's misery, his mother and sister had traveled from Baltimore to watch him ride, and he made his escape with them, saying that he was "going out to dinner." Before the race, Delp had said that Bill Shoemaker "was only a phone call away." However, there was no sign out there in front of the Gulfstream crowd that he was searching his pockets for change.

The events that followed would have made a good soap opera. For almost a week, it was understood, the Meyerhoffs were searching their hearts, were racked by the decision they had to make over Ronnie's future, tormented over the list of alternative jockeys Delp had presented them, to which, somewhat tardily, he had added Franklin's name. A Friday press conference, at which the name of the big horse's future jockey would be announced, was canceled. The following Monday, six long days after the race, Delp tearfully declared that Ronnie would continue to ride Bid after all. Cue violins. Slow curtain.

Except for Delp's initial anger, the reality was somewhat different. "I could have murdered him," he says now. "I

continued

could have killed him right there. But by mid-evening, I had cooled off. I knew Ronnie was badly shaken. I intended him to be well shook up. Plenty of times he's caught hell from me. This was the first time in public, though."

It seems very likely, knowing the man, knowing the genuinely paternal affection he feels for Franklin, that remorse set in early that night. Certainly, Delp didn't linger at the somewhat pallid post-race celebrations. He sat up waiting for Ronnie to come home until 1:30 a.m. He dozed off, and when he awoke again it was 4 a.m. Ronnie was still not in his room. Delp searched and found the young jockey asleep in Gerald's room. "He'd moved in for protection," Delp recalls. "I threw a blanket over him and let him sleep on."

Early next morning at the barn, whatever anger he had left had been diverted to Cordero and Jorge Velasquez, who had ridden Fantasy 'a Reality and who Delp felt was also guilty of impeding Bid. "Only an act of God can stop my horse!" he declared in his finest Churchillian vein. "Never an act of Cordero! Whoever it is that rides Bid, neither of those two will sit on him. My colt came out in good order. He is playing this morning, no thanks to Cordero. He fooled around so much, intimidating Franklin and Bid, that he cost LeRoy fourth-place money." LeRoy Jolley was the trainer of Sir Ivor Again. The outburst, Delp said, brought a lawyer's letter on Cordero's behalf. "I tossed it in the trash can," Delp said.

Meanwhile, he had formally declared that Harry Meyerhoff would decide on Bid's future rider. He expected a call, he said, at around five that evening, roughly 24 hours after the race. He had not spoken to Franklin yet that day. "We'll have breakfast later. He'll be riding at Hialeah this afternoon! He better be cocky."

The chastened Franklin had no winners at Hialeah, and the Meyerhoffs seemed to have put off their decision until the next day, Thursday, having been given a short list of four riders—Shoemaker, Darrel McHargue, Jacinto Vasquez and Ronnie himself—to choose from. The racing world was agog with speculation. After all, it had no way of reading Delp's mind. Which, in the last resort, was the only mind that counted.

Delp now admits that as early as Wednesday he was entirely sure that Ronnie would remain on the big horse. "On Thursday morning, Ronnie's mother came to see me and she was shaken and upset," he says. "I told her, 'Don't be silly, he's going to be O.K. Whatever happens, he'll never go back to earning \$80 a week. We'll both be eating Maryland crab cakes this time next year anyway.'"

Later on Thursday, though, and for the first time, Delp felt a twinge of uncertainty, which he said he had caught, like the flu, from Dougie and Gerald, who had been as concerned as anybody over their friend's future. "Thursday evening, Friday morning, I was only 99% certain," he recalls.

The method he had adopted to keep Franklin on the horse was somewhat Machiavellian. "Easily the best chance for Ronnie was to have the Meyerhoffs decide," he says. "If the pressure had been directly on me, I would have had

to take him off. Any other rider but Ronnie, I would not have blown up in the winner's circle. I would just have waited until I got home. Anybody but Ronnie would have had no second chance. Anybody else, I'd have said, 'You'll never sit on it again.' Anybody else, I wouldn't have given a damn. Heck, I never saw a worse ride in my life and I've watched 10,000 races. I wasn't acting when I called him worse than an idiot. Nobody can act as good as that."

With unaccustomed difficulty, Delp was trying to explain the way he was torn. In all honesty, he couldn't justify keeping the boy on the horse if the decision had been his. But emotionally—and he is a man of strong emotions—he wanted Franklin to stay. The only way he could achieve this and save his conscience was by dumping the responsibility on the Meyerhoffs, who would, after a decent interval he was sure, reinstate the jockey.

They did just that at 1 p.m. on Friday afternoon, though the secret was well kept until Monday. To Delp's intermittent annoyance during the four months that he lived in Golden Beach, the poolside telephone, which was set on a high stool, could not actually be reached from the pool itself. So, dripping, Delp had to haul himself out of the water to hear the good news when it came. By then, though, beginning to be worried—and irritated—by the delay, he had made a contingency plan. Should Franklin be taken off Bid, he would take the big horse to Lexington alone. Ronnie, the two boys and the other 21 horses in his string would go to Maryland. The thought in his mind was that at least Ronnie would have the chance of becoming the leading rider at Pimlico this season.

As soon as the reprieve came through, he went looking for the boy. Ronnie was with Dougie. They were lying on the bed listening to music and reading the *Daily Racing Form*. "Earlier in the day," Delp remembers, "I'd told them that they were heading for Maryland anyway, for a week's vacation if Ronnie still had the ride, for good otherwise. So I went in and put on a real serious face. 'O.K.,' I said, 'you can start packing.' Ronnie looked up at me, just as serious. I gave it a couple of seconds and I said, 'Ronnie, you're riding him.'"

The trainer recalls no tears at this point. "After that," he says, "I had to keep Ronnie under lock and key to keep the secret. I wouldn't let him use the phone. He's the kind of kid who would say 'No' if he was told to, but all you would have to do is just look at him and his eyes would be saying 'Yes.' He can't conceal anything."

Why conceal anything anyway? The inglorious reason why the announcement of Ronnie's reinstatement was held over until the following Monday, why the jockey had to keep his mouth shut for three days, was that ABC-TV was putting on a Saturday afternoon program that featured the Florida Derby and the consequent brouhaha. It would have looked silly if all the prerecorded speculation had already been answered in the morning paper. So a Gulfstream Park official pleaded with Delp to hold off the decision until Monday, and he agreed. The network later denied influencing Delp's timing.

Delp says his agreement with ABC and the track did not

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ETC HORSE

continued

entirely come out of the goodness of his heart. "How do I get the most miles out of my horse?" he asks with an innocent smile. "Isn't he worth more today than he was yesterday?" If you take the matter a little further and inquire how it was possible for him to turn down a jockey of the caliber of Shoemaker, who was apparently willing and able to ride, the reply you get is, "This is show biz, isn't it? Didn't that list of jockeys look pretty good in lights? Who got flattered? Ronnie Franklin."

There was certainly show biz aplenty on Monday, when the formal announcement was made, and the tears that were not shed on the Friday flowed freely. But the decision to put Ronnie back on the horse after one bad race was not crazily illogical. As an apprentice last year he won the Eclipse Award, rode 262 winners, earned \$1,756,950 in purses. Which raises the question of how he managed to ride so meekly in the Florida Derby.

With hindsight, Delp offers some suggestions: "Ronnie was off-balance all day. Charlie Betts' car was stolen. Ronnie, without thinking, lent him his and then had to borrow money from Doug for a cab to the jock's room. The Meyerhoffs flew in from Acapulco and they were in our house the morning of the race fixing Bloody Marys. Regina (Delp's girl friend) had also arrived and she was cooking up a scrapple and bacon breakfast. Normally I would have breakfast quietly with Ronnie, talk to him, but with all the rampus there wasn't the chance. I wanted to tell him what to expect from the other jocks. There wasn't time. I gave everybody hell for that. Does Tom Landry have to entertain the owners of the Cowboys the morning of the Super Bowl?"

Franklin had weathered earlier crises to hold on to Spectacular Bid. When he rode the colt at Delaware Park last August, he had managed to get the 2-year-old boxed in and had lost the race by 2½ lengths. This was just about the time that Delp was realizing he had a great horse, not merely a good one. And it was Ronnie's second loss in a month, in the Tyro at Monmouth, he had let Bid run wide early and finished fourth.

Delp decided to shop around for a new jockey. He called agent Lenny Goodman, an old friend, to inquire about Steve Caughen's services. A day or two later the

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call was returned when he was away at the Timonium sales. Gerald took it and left a note on the kitchen table. It read, simply, "Cauthen-Goodman-Idiot." Interpreted, this meant that in Gerald's opinion, Goodman had been foolish to turn down the ride for Cauthen.

Cauthen, in fact, did have a prior commitment, aboard an outsider called Sensational, in a stake for fillies and mares. She finished sixth. On the same day, at Atlantic City, Franklin rode Spectacular Bid to a 15-length win.

That was on Sept. 23. The following month, before the Champagne Stakes at Belmont, Goodman solicited hard for Cauthen to ride Bid. But still smarting from the earlier rebuff, Delp turned him down and hired Jorge Velasquez, on the grounds that Franklin lacked experience on the New York track.

Velasquez rode Spectacular Bid twice last fall and won on both occasions. But when, on Oct. 28, the important Laurel

Futurity came around, Ronnie was back on the big horse.

Delp is happy to give you technical reasons for this. He felt that in the second of Velasquez' races, the Young America at the Meadowlands, he held Bid back too severely and hadn't the confidence to let him run free. Delp also believes that the horse just naturally runs faster for Franklin. "We ran tapes of all the colt's races," he says, "and it was visible to everybody that the horse's stride was more fluid with Franklin." Indeed, in what Delp rates as the big horse's best performance, Ronnie rode him to that 8½-length victory in the Laurel.

There are a number of people in racing Delp does not care too much for, and one of them is Velasquez. Especially since the goings-on at the Florida Derby, he will tell you that the jockey was taken off Bid because "he wanted to take over, put a burr on his left side, and an extended blinker on the left also, as if

to say Spectacular Bid was a rogue horse." With a seemingly illogical jump, he goes on to observe, "Harry Meyerhoff paid him to be a good jockey, not to see how beautiful his wife is." It turns out Delp was referring to Mrs. Velasquez' tendency to get to the winner's circle ahead of anyone else. "If he wants that, let him buy his own stable of horses," says Delp.

Delp is at his prickliest, though, when it comes to racing's Establishment, to the Old Guard which, he believes, regards him as a Johnny-come-lately, a provincial up from the country. He was deeply suspicious of Hialeah and its somewhat faded glories. He says that everyone told him to headquarter Bid there last winter, but he preferred Gulfstream as more contemporary, less redolent of tradition, even to the extent of vanning Bid to Hialeah only on the morning of the Flamingo. It was the first time the horse had raced on a track without pre-

continued

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Establishment figures also get the rough edge of Delp's tongue. He has never forgotten a remark made by John Veitch, Calumet Farm's urbane and often witty trainer, that at the time of the Laurel Futurity he, Delp, was suffering from "Eclipsitis." "Yes, the s.o.b. said that," Delp said. "He brought Tim the Tiger down and said I was chickening out." (Delp had complained of the state of the Laurel track and threatened to withdraw his horse.) "If Alydar had switched trainers with Affirmed last year, Alydar would have been the Triple Crown winner. I'm sure Veitch's daddy is the greatest, and John has great horses. But, having great horses doesn't make a great trainer. Veitch and his crowd just don't like an outsider to step on their territory."

Delp was also unhappy with the Hialeah track for the Flamingo. "Too dry, too cuppy, too slow," he said on TV the previous evening and, as at Laurel, threatened to pull his horse out.

In the morning, though, after he had settled Bid into a stall belonging to trainer Woody Stephens ("I never met him, but he's a class guy," Delp says), he was happier. Bid got his bath, not on his green mat but on classy Hialeah grass, then a light pre-race lunch of a quart of oats as against a normal ration of three quarts.

Delp almost missed his own rations before the race. He discovered that the Halalude steak house he favors was closed. He drove around, found a deli and a sandwich and came close to losing his way to Hialeah. But the reception that waited for him there was enough to change any man's opinion of the place.

There was a big, boozy, friendly crowd in the paddock, almost every man jack on the side of Bid, Ronnie and Bud, but the groom was having a tough time holding the frisky colt, who had to make more circuits than seemed necessary. TV might again. (Justifiably, Delp said later, "Thoroughbreds don't need all that display.") The big roar was for Franklin, though: "Hang on, Ronnie! Stick on!" Whatever else it achieved, the recent controversy had made Franklin hugely popular.

Before post time, Delp had no clear idea of where he was to sit to watch the race. At the last minute his small party was whirled upstairs, to find itself in the box next to LeRoy Jolley, his rival, the

trainer of General Assembly, who had Sir Ivor Again running (but with Donald MacBeth this time, not Corderol). Formal good wishes were exchanged. Then the horses were in the gate.

No longer was this the ebullient, chatty Delp who will gladly laugh at his own big-talking habits ("I'm better than Reggie Jackson already and I'm going after Ali.") He fell silent. His only movement was a spasmodic shrugging of the shoulders. As soon as Franklin was clear of the gate, this disappeared.

Of all his races so far, the Flamingo was perhaps the closest thing to a formality that the big horse had encountered. It was an exhibition, a presentation, not a race. Recognizing this, the crowd was content to enjoy itself. When, on the backstretch, Bid magisterially opened up daylight between himself and the pack, a huge, almost loving, long-drawn-out cheer arose. Delp was the last in the box to rise to his feet. Then he clapped politely, like one applauding a moderately good shot in a tennis match.

Later he explained the shoulder-twitching at the start. The only worry, he said, was that Franklin might bump again, even fall. "When he broke clear, I knew the race was won." The time was not great, two seconds off the track record. But the going was very slow. At Hialeah, they will tell you with a slight sniff, no special preparation of the track is made, not even for the biggest race of the year. "Let him strut, Ronnie," was one of the few remarks that Delp made during the race.

In the euphoria of the winner's circle, Ronnie was strutting somewhere inside his head, to judge from the grin. Delp presented him with a small kiss just below his left ear. Ronnie appeared to be chewing the same piece of gum that he was working on in the paddock. With delight, he noticed that the engraving on his presentation plaque showed the No. 8 horse in the lead—and Bid had started in the eighth position. "They must have known we were gonna win!" he crowed. But, sure, everyone knew that.

It seemed almost the end of Florida for the big horse, for Delp and his team. The morning after the race, Gerald, Ronnie and Dougie would leave at the crack

of dawn for the long drive north to Lexington. Four days later, on March 29, trainer and horse planned to fly up to join them. Would flying for the first time upset Bid? "I don't think so," says Bud. "It didn't bother me either—the first time I did it."

Naturally, the boys failed to make an early start. Bud woke up the morning after the race to find them a quarter packed. They finally got away 24 hours late, misread the map and took a considerable detour to Savannah, Ga., before they headed away from the ocean and back toward Kentucky.

But they were not as late as the big horse. The rest of Delp's string, Charlie Bettis in charge, got to Keeneland on March 27. They found a powdering of snow, a 32° temperature, and Bid's \$12,000 charter trip was put off until Sunday.

Then another postponement. The unseasonable cold at Keeneland was followed by five inches of rain over the next three days. There was some coughing among the 21 horses that had shipped in with Bettis. "Heck," said Delp, "I might wait until two days before the Blue Grass before coming."

Wasn't that leaving things a little late? To a question like that you get a Delp answer: "When you fly, you can be partying that night, can't you?"

The big party is at Churchill Downs on May 5. Already the best odds you can get with Caliente, the Mexican winter book, are 1 to 2 (you could have got even money on Secretariat at this point in 1973). Given a good win in the Blue Grass, Bid may start at the lowest odds ever offered on a Derby runner.

As for Flying Paster, who retrieved much of his reputation in winning the Santa Anita Derby, Ronnie has a word on that. "I've seen him on TV," he says. "We got a much more longer and a faster stride." Meanwhile, Delp is a long way past the Triple Crown. "Anytime after the Travers, we'll take Affirmed in a match, beat him 10 or 12 lengths. He can pick the track and the distance. Just give me a month to get my horse ready."

A not-too-surprising bit of trumpet concerto from a man who calls his 7-month-old Labrador puppy "Champ." But, so far anyway, the big horse shows no sign of letting him down.

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TOMMY LOUGHRAN MAY FORGET A FIGHT, BUT NOT HIS WORKOUT WITH DEMPSEY

When Tommy Loughran was in his prime in the late '20s, they said he could fight 15 rounds without disturbing a single wavy hair on his handsome head. Born Thomas Patrick Loughran on Nov. 29, 1902, the son of an Irish immigrant who married a Philadelphia-born woman, he was the quintessential Irish fighter and the pride of South Philadelphia. His deportment in and out of the ring was pure class; even today, oldtimers remember him as the most stylish of fighters, a beautiful boxer and the most gracious of men.

Loughran's boxing career spanned 19 years, from 1919 to 1937, and though the *Ring Record Book* lists 172 fights under his name, he probably fought a lot more than that. He won the light-heavyweight championship in 1927 and successfully defended the title six times before moving up to the heavyweight division in 1929. He fought once for the heavyweight championship, in 1934 against Primo Carnera, when the signs to retire were beginning to appear. ("When one minute between rounds isn't enough time to recuperate, then you know," he was to say later.) Although he lost on a decision, the fight went into the *Guinness Book of World Records* for having the greatest weight disparity of any heavyweight championship bout: Carnera's 270 pounds to Loughran's 184.

Loughran was an intelligent fighter and articulate, even as a schoolboy. He graduated from high school three years early, primarily because of his exceptional memory. He was also ahead of his age group in physical maturity; he joined the Marines at 14, telling the recruiter he was 23. In the Marines, they put boxing gloves on him for the first time. "They matched me with a tough Marine and what I did to him was nobody's business," Tommy says, recalling his initial boxing experience with a chuckle.

Today, at 76, Loughran lives in a veteran's home in Hollidaysburg, Pa. At 190 he is only five pounds over his last fighting weight. At 5' 11", he is an impressive physical figure, the size of a solid quarterback. His blue eyes are clear and

sharp, his voice deep and unwavering. He uses his huge hands to tell stories in such perfect coordination with the pitch of the voice and excitement of the tale that the stories seem choreographed. He has told them so often, he almost tells them by rote. While Loughran's memory of recent events is fading, much of the famous recollective powers remains, and the stories of old have endured. It is only the things he did yesterday that Tommy has trouble recalling.

The incidents of Loughran's favorite story took place on Sept. 11, 1926, 12 days before Gene Tunney took the heavyweight championship title from Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia's Sesqui-centennial Stadium before 120,757 people, the largest paid attendance ever at a boxing match.

"Dempsey was training down in Atlantic City for the fight with Tunney," recalls Loughran, "and he needed a boxer for a sparring partner. He had some other partners down there—Jimmy Delaney from St. Paul, Big Bill Tate and a fellow named Marty Burke from New Orleans, a really tall, rangy redheaded fellow—but they all knew Jack's style better than he did. They were no good to him; they were defensive fighters. They wouldn't lead or do anything offensive. Dempsey wanted to train with me because I had fought Tunney in an exhibition the year before. I knew Tunney's style, how he fought at that time. I knew what it was all about, how Dempsey should train. Dempsey needed a boxer like me.

"So Dempsey came up to Philadelphia and offered Joe Smith, my manager, \$5,000 if he would let me spar with him. Joe said, 'No, nobody's sparring with Tommy for any amount of money, not as long as I'm his manager.' Jack was terribly disappointed.

"Now, Jack and I were pretty good friends. I had lived at his hotel in Los Angeles for three months the year before, and I got to know him then. I used to study him a lot, watch his moves. I knew he had this Indian blood. Boy, I'm telling you, if there ever was a vicious person, he was it. He had these stalking methods, typical of an Indian. Jack would walk on the balls of his

feet, not back on his heels like most.

"Yet he had the most attractive personality. You couldn't help but like him. He had a gracious smile, a good handshake, would always have something nice to say. But at the same time I knew he had this other streak in him, and boy, I'm telling you, if he had a chance, that would be it. He was the only man I was ever afraid of, and I think he knew it.

"Between the challenges from Jack and the pressure from everybody telling me he needed to box with me, my conscience was bothering me, and I finally said to my manager, 'Let's go down to Atlantic City. Let's go try Dempsey.' Joe looked at me and he said, 'Do you know what you're doing?' and I said, 'I want to find out. I want to go down there and see if he can knock me out.

"So one Saturday we drove down to Atlantic City. There was a whole caravan, Philadelphia sportswriters and a few other cars, because word had gotten around. Just as we were coming into the gate of Jack's camp, he was starting out for his workout. When he saw us, he stopped and came over and said, 'What are you guys doing down here?' My manager was a cocky little guy—he had had some 300 fights himself and didn't have a mark on him—and he said to Dempsey, 'I brought my boy Tommy down here to show you what a sucker he can make out of you.' Hehehehe! I kicked Joe in

continued



the shirts. I said to him, 'Now wait a minute, you're liable to get this guy mad before we go in there. He might be vicious anyhow.' But Jack said, 'Gee, Tommy, I'm tickled to death. This is what I need. My sparring partners down here know my every move, they're no good to me. This is wonderful.'

"So I said, 'Go ahead with your training, Jack, we'll catch up to you.'

"No, no, no," he said. 'I'll come back to the locker room and wait for you while you get ready.' He did, he came back to the locker room and watched while I got dressed, so I couldn't use any excuses to change my mind. I wanted to wait take a long time tying my shoelaces, but he was right, there watching, talking to me.

"At this time Dempsey weighed about 190 pounds and I was a light heavyweight, only about 172. But weight never made any difference to me, I used to fight heavyweights all the time. My fear of Jack had nothing to do with size. He was a tough, solid fighter, a fighter all the way through. He would take advantage of any opportunity, the slightest opportunity you gave him.

"After I got ready, we went outside Jack started punching the bags, skipping the rope, shadowboxing, going through the various exercises. While he was doing this, a fellow in his camp, a personal friend of mine, came over and said, 'Tommy, be very careful. Don't expect anything from Jack. You're going on third, and Jack wants to be warmed up for you. He knows you're going to be trouble, and he wants to be set.' I said O.K., thinking I was frozen stiff.

"Jack went in the ring. He fought two rounds with Big Bill Tate, then he had two rounds with Marty Burke, I think it was. Then it was my turn. I'm telling you, I had been in hundreds of fights and they never bothered me. I could go in a ring as relaxed as I am sitting here talking. I was never tense for a fight like I was for this workout with Dempsey. I knew it wasn't going to be just a workout.

"In the corner, Joe looked at me and said, 'What the hell's the matter with you, Tommy? I can't understand you. You never get excited about fights.'

"I said, 'Joe, this isn't just a fight.'

"Don't worry, Tommy,' he said, 'you'll knock his block off.'

"I said, 'Joe, I sure wish I had your confidence.'

"They rang the bell and we started the round. The first round I just moved away

from him and didn't throw many punches. I just made him miss me, move in, feint him, get him to throw some punches and catch them. He'd move in there, I'd back up against the ropes, he'd throw punches, I'd take them on the arms, push them aside. The crowd was in an uproar, watching it. Although I was a boxer, I could fight defensively, too. I could change my style according to the fellow I was fighting."

"We had only agreed to box one round. When we finished the round I walked to the ropes and Jack followed me. He gave me a little thump on the back, and when I turned around, he grabbed me on the forearm and looked me in the eye with a serious expression and said, 'Wait a minute, Tommy. Don't take those gloves off.'

"I said, 'What do you want, Jack?'

"He said, 'We're not through yet. I want you to go another round.'

"I said, 'Listen, Jack, I'll go six rounds with you if you think you can stand it.'

"He couldn't hit me to save his life, see, and it made him furious. Ooh, was he mad, I'd stay against the ropes and say, 'Let's see if you can hit me, Jack.' I'd go this way, then I'd go that way next time he came at me I'd step back, he'd step forward, I'd step back another way. He didn't know what to do.

"I just buck to my corner, and I said, 'Joe, I can't believe it. He can't hit me.' And Joe said, 'Then why don't you get moving?'

"In the second round I saw a left hand shooting out and shooting out and shooting out, and I realized it was mine. Then I brought over the right. I knew Jack was a hooker, of course; I'd stuck out my left and slide inside and throw the right. I could tell by the way Jack looked at me he was really mad. He started fighting like a wild man. We stood toe to toe. He'd throw rights and I'd throw lefts, back and forth like that. Oh boy, how that man could sock. And he could move around fast, bobbing and weaving to make a tough target.

"But gee, boy, what I didn't do to him. The year before he had had a nasal job, his nose was all shortened, and they didn't know whether it would stand up under punishment. I let him have it on the nose. Blood squirted in all directions. He stepped back and curved me out loud, and when he did, I grabbed him and turned him around and put him up against the ropes. Gee, I poured it on

him, I gave him such a beating. I let him in the belly, hit him with uppercuts, hit him with a hook, caught him with another. I had his eyes puffy, his nose was bleeding, he was spitting out blood. I had him cut under the chin, and I think his ear was bleeding. I don't know whatever held him up. He always came tearing back in, no matter how hard I hit him.

Then one of the fellows training Dempsey reached through the ropes and grabbed my leg. 'Hey,' this fellow said, 'watch the rough stuff.' I stared. 'Who, me?' I said. Then another trainer screamed. 'Cut this out! Who the hell you think you are?' They cut the round short to save him. I guess they were afraid I would beat him up so bad he wouldn't be able to fight Tunney.

"Afterward I thought the promoter for the Tunney fight was going to shoot me. He said he'd never seen Dempsey take a beating like that. I said I had to do it, we're friends and all that sort of thing but when the gloves are on it's a fight. We'll fight each other to a standstill, that's all there is to it."

The next day the headline on the sports page of a Philadelphia paper read: **DOWNSIDE ADONIS IS LAST BOX 1 WITH JACK.** The subhead: "Pride of South Philadelphia Takes Champion Through Fastest Workout Titchell: He Has Had Since He Went to Atlantic City to Train for Tunney."

The AP story began, "Tommy Loughran, 175-pound ring dynamo from Philadelphia, exploded a mess of fireworks right under Jack Dempsey's nose today. . . . Loughran, a masterful boxer, had no trouble in popping straight lefts into Dempsey's reddened face and shooting over rights to the chin. Dempsey apparently did not enjoy the spectacle of being on the receiving end."

Twelve days later Dempsey would lose his title to Tunney. He never should have lost, they say. Some people even think Tunney didn't beat Dempsey so much as Dempsey beat himself. Some people think Dempsey lost because his spirit was broken.

"Confidence is what it takes," says Tommy Loughran. "Those two rounds with Dempsey gave me confidence in myself. I learned an important lesson that day, never to be defeated by fear. There are so many people that are, you know."

The next year Loughran would carry that confidence to the world light heavyweight championship. **END**

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As I Did It

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

IN THE '50s A WRESTLER TAUGHT A BEATNIK THE REAL MEANING OF 'HOWL.'

Though I suppose I was known as a rather wild youth, I never cared for fighting. The prospect of hurting another person offered no pleasure, while the prospect of someone hurting me had, of course, even less appeal. But I lived in the kind of places and had the kind of friends that made being in and seeing fights inevitable. My own encounters are blurs in my memory by now, and of all the fights I saw—dozens of them—only one is a pleasant recollection. I find myself thinking of it often, and the memory always returns complete and in sharp detail.

It took place more than 20 years ago in San Francisco during the era of the Beat Generation, when nearly everyone who was either rebellious or curious about those who were rebellious was reading Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* and Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. One of the puny-cups in the combat I want to tell about was a huge hulk of a man known in the North Beach area as "The King of the Beats." On a cool Saturday night, he squared off against a friend of mine named Frank, who happened to be a national collegiate and AAL wrestling champion.

Can a good boxer beat a good wrestler? Can a good boxer or wrestler handle an experienced street fighter or a gigantic pro line-man? How will the street fighter or the line-man do against a master of the so-called martial arts? Perhaps these questions seem silly, even primitive, but they are often debated in locker rooms and bars. People are understandably curious. Based on my own experience and on what I saw that night, I'll wager on the wrestler every time. If he's good, I'll take him over anybody. Once I was more or less forced to defend myself against a 250-pound tackle (I weighed about 185), and I surprised myself by coming out of it well. Results were similar when a U.S. Navy boxing champion took after me outside a bar on Kalakaua Avenue in Honolulu. The one fight I re-

member losing was against a 150-pounder who I later learned was a fine amateur wrestler. He simply wiped me out. I have no clear idea what he did, but he did it quickly and well, and I've never felt so helpless or humiliated in my life.

Frank did it well on that Saturday night in North Beach in the '50s. He did it expertly, beautifully—and kindly, too. We were on Grant Avenue north of Broadway in a place called the Co-Existence Bagel Shop. It was one of half a dozen hangouts in that block of Grant, and every night all of these places were mobbed.

Much beer and wine was sloshed around. Pale young men sat huddled over chessboards. Smoke hung in blue clouds, and there was loud, strident conversation, speed, of course, with many "I dig it" and "cools." The sound of jazz thrashed through the room.

Frank and I had a booth near the back of the place, such a small booth that the two of us had trouble squeezing in. We ordered a pitcher of beer and pastrami sandwiches on rye, and while we waited we enjoyed the local color.

From the beginning Frank attracted attention. He was a very clean-cut young man, neatly dressed and studious looking with a crew cut and thick glasses. But though he drew curious stares and raised eyebrows from the regular clientele of the Co-Existence Bagel Shop, Frank was in no way offended. By temperament he was remarkably peaceful. Perhaps whatever aggressions he had were disposed of on the wrestling mat. In any case, I had often seen him take rather crude insults from men he could have mutilated in five or six seconds. I doubt that he had ever started a serious argument, much less a fight, in his life.

Our beer and sandwiches arrived. As I was pouring our mugs full, Frank raised his sandwich toward his mouth. It never got there. A huge, hairy hand grabbed it away. We looked up together and there he was—the King, 260 pounds of him. I judged, I'd naturally heard of the fellow and occasionally seen him around, but I knew him only as the King. Everybody called him that. Slowly, half grinning at us, he tore off half the sandwich in a single bite. I remember slowly setting the beer pitcher down, keeping my grip on the handle.

The King towered over us, dressed in

baggy pants, a soiled sweat shirt, a blue beret. He was bearded and mustached. Smiling down at us, he slowly chewed.

"You pretty hungry?" Frank asked.

"Yeah, man, I am." It was a fairly impressive voice, a deep bass that cut through the surrounding noise even though he spoke softly.

"O.K.," Frank said. "But when you finish that I want you to buy me another sandwich."

"I ain't buying you nothin', man. I don't dig that."

"I think you ought to buy me one," Frank explained, "or something might happen that you'll dig a lot less."

The King took another, smaller bite, looking vaguely puzzled. Frank was my height, 6'2", a few pounds heavier, but the King, looking him over carefully, decided he wasn't impressed. "Cool it, man," he said. "You dig?"

I was sweating. Frank was smiling now. "This is the last time I'll say it," he told the King. "You took my sandwich. I paid for it. I want you to buy me another one. Then we'll forget it. It's simple, really."

"No way," the King said.

"Do you want to go outside or do you want it here?"

"You wanna go outside with me, man?"

"Yes."

"I can dig that."

"Fine. Let's go."

They did.

The King sauntered out first, swallowing the last bite of the pastrami sandwich, and as he passed through the front door he had a friend of his own in tow, a stocky little fellow, also bearded, also wearing a beret.

The fight took place in a blind alley farther up Grant Avenue, as perfect a setting as anyone in Hollywood could have devised. Graffiti covered the dirty brick walls. Cans, bottles and soggy newspapers were strewn around, and the dim light from the street shone dully off a long line of overflowing garbage cans. Frank handed me his glasses. I stood against one wall of the alley, the King's friend against the other.

Then the King struck a pose straight from one of those old John L. Sullivan posters. He wanted to box. Frank had told me once that he liked to box and was fairly good at it, so I wasn't surprised

Continued

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AS I DID IT continued

when he cooperated. Right hand held low, left out front, giving away six inches and 70 pounds, he moved in.

The King flicked a left jab, missed with a right cross. Then there was a sharp crack and the King was flat on his back. All I had actually seen was his head snap back and out from under the beret, which floated to the pavement like a little parachute. The King sat up, blinked and shook his head but had the presence of mind to put the beret back on before he got up.

Get up he did, five or six more times, and Frank kept knocking him down. After the third time the King forgot to put on the beret. As he lay in the alley amidst the cans and bottles after the last knock-down, his friend began giving advice. "Wrestle him, King!" he hissed. "Wrestle him! He probably can't wrestle!"

Seldom, if ever, has well-intentioned advice turned out so badly. The boxing portion of the fight had reminded me of a Popeye cartoon, when the hero, after downing a can of spinach, socks the enormous Bluto around like a pinball. The wrestling section of the fight was short-lived and harder to follow. The King climbed to his feet and charged, and I saw the takedown—a single leg take-down, which is what most good amateur wrestlers are best at—but then things became a blur. Whirled this way and spun that, the King bounced off one brick wall and then the other.

Finally he sat against a garbage can, dazed and panting. "Baby," he said. "This is unreal."

"You ready to go back inside now?"

"Baby, I can dig that!"

"Fine, let's go."

Frank helped him up, then guided him down the street to the Co-Existence Bagel Shop. Inside we found a booth large enough to hold the four of us, and Frank ordered pastrami sandwiches all around and two pitchers of beer. When they came, he paid for everything.

There had been a fight, and a fight is never really nice, and this one probably didn't prove that wrestlers are tougher than anyone else. But a skillful young man had taken understandable offense at something, proved his point quickly and efficiently, and without brutality or even undue force. Then, when it was over, it was over. The four of us didn't become lifelong friends, but we did become friends for the rest of the evening. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 9-15

PRO BASKETBALL—Philadelphia's three women were less much for New Jersey and Houston's one center. Men's Missouri's season crown at the Tom and Judy's arena through the first round of the playoffs. Golfing 48 rebounds led Philadelphia to a 112-114 series opening victory despite 38 points by New Jersey's Jodie Williams. Although Malone had 49 points and 41 rebounds in two games, the Hawks made short work of the Rockets 109-106 and 100-91. The second win was Atlanta's 173 straight at home. Walter Davis scored a total of 79 points, including 23 in Phoenix. 99-101 clinching victory as the Suns defeated Portland in three games. The Suns lost the series' first game 107-103, and the Trail Blazers came from behind to take the second 96-92. The Lakers won the deciding game of four played with Denver 112-111 (page 36). In opening games of the second round, Elton Hayes scored 31 and Bob Dandridge 30 at Washington beat Atlanta 103-97 and San Antonio capped Philadelphia 115-106 behind George Gervin's 31 points and Larry Kenon's 30.

BOWLING—JOHN PETRAGLIA defeated Steve Cook 214-200 to win a \$100,000 PBA tournament in Fairview, Ill.

BOXING—VICTOR GALINDEZ regained his WBA light heavyweight title when champion Mike Romanoff failed to answer his bell for the 10th round in New Orleans (page 74).

OLYMPIC—GREG LOUGANIS of Eureka, Calif. won the men's one- and three-meter finals and finished second in KENT WHEELER of Ohio's state in the 16-meter platform competition at the A.A.U. indoor championships in Austin, Texas. CYNTHIA POTTER of Dallas won the women's one-meter championship. CAROLYN FINCHER of Ohio State won the three-meter and BARB WINESTEIN of the University of Michigan also did first in the 16-meter.

GOLF—FUZZY ZETTLER scored a one-hole birdie on the 2nd hole of sudden death to win the Masters in Augusta over Ed Sneed and Tom Watson. They finished regulation play in 280, a tiebreaker on (page 30).

HOCKEY—NHL: Toronto and the New York Rangers scored their preliminary playoff series, while Pittsburgh and Philadelphia moved across on their way to the quarterfinals. The Maple Leafs set a playoff record by scoring three goals in 23 seconds of the first period en route to a 7-4 season-ending rout of Atlanta. In the first game of the best-of-three playoff, the two teams set a

series defense record with 224 minutes in penalties in Toronto edged the Flyers 2-1 on two goals by Walt M. Koczka. The Rangers eliminated Los Angeles in two straight stretching their series with a 2-1 overtime victory on Phil Esposito's second goal of the game. Two night earlier the Rangers had bombed the Kings 7-1. George Ferginsson scored the tying and winning goals in the Penguins beat the Sabres 4-3 in sudden death in Buffalo to set up a must-win series. Neither team could win on home ice, with Pittsburgh winning the first game 4-1 and Buffalo the second 3-1. Vancouver, the playoff team with the worst record, shocked the Flyers with a 3-2 win in Philadelphia, but the Flyers recovered with 4-4 and 7-2 victories. In the quarterfinals, Minnesota will play Toronto, the Islanders will meet Chicago, the Bruins will face Pittsburgh and the Rangers will take on the Flyers.

WBA: Elton Hayes clinched his first regular-season title—and the league's last—when second-place Quebec lost 5-2 to New England. On the same night the Oilers' Wayne Gretzky scored a hat trick in the third period of a 6-4 win at Winnipeg, which won all three of its games to move into third place. In the fight for the league's last playoff spot, Cincinnati moved back ahead of Birmingham with a 2-1 victory over the Nordiques while the Bulls lost to the Jets 2-1.

HORSE RACING—FLYING PASTER (52-40, ridden by Donald Pence), won the \$279,250 Hollywood Derby by 10 lengths over South Packer at Hollywood Park. The 3-year-old colt covered the 1 1/4 miles in a stakes record 1:47 1/2.

GOLDEN CUP (BARB), Sandy Hawley, won, beat Sena by a neck to win the \$174,000 Arabian Derby for 3-year-olds at Oakland Park. The colt was timed in 1:30 for the 1 1/4 miles (page 78).

SAN JUAN HILL (524-40), ridden by Don Braunfield edged 1-up-5 favorite Alaydar by a nose to win the \$109,350 Golden Handicap at Oakland Park. The winner was timed in 1:47 1/2 for the mile and 3/4.

MARATHON—BILL RODGERS won his third Boston Marathon in record time of 2:09:27 (page 26).

SOCCER—NASL: The league carried on in the face of a player strike that affected seven of its 24 teams and made an instant hero out of 19-year-old Hermes Kouropoulos, Houston, which had only one roster player signed Kouropoulos in the emergency, and he scored two goals and assisted on two others in the Bluebonnets' 6-2 win over San Diego, which ended its regular league. The only other attack since it was—by a 3-0 score—

win Minnesota but the Rockets' opponent was decimated Portland. Denver's Bob Ruliford scored four goals at a 6-0 win over Memphis, which could field only one regular and was forced to employ 37-year-old Coach Eddie McCusker as a player. Fort Lauderdale also had to use its coach, 46-year-old Ben Newman, in a 4-0 loss to Washington. The Cosmos won their third game without a loss, 3-2 over Atlanta, but they were late from effort in overtime as a result of timeouts.

ASL Los Angeles edged the New York Apollo 3-2 to end Bill McCusker's goal in the second overtime to average five just a 1-0 loss in the championship game. Earlier in the week the Apollo, which leads the Eastern Division, and Western Division leader California (1-1) and host Sacramento 1-0 on a goal by Mike Mason. The league's leading scorer with two goals and two assists.

SWIMMING—TRACY CAULKINS of Nashville set five of the 15 U.S. records combined at the A.A.U. national short course championships in Monterey, Calif. (page 60).

TENNIS—BJORN BORG secured Vitas Gerulaitis 6-2, 6-1, 6-3 to win a \$175,000 WCT tournament in Monte Carlo.

TRACY AUSTIN defeated Kerry Reid 7-6, 7-6 to win the \$148,000 Family Circle tournament at Hilton Head Island, S.C.

JIMMY CONNORS beat Eddie Dibbs 6-7, 7-5, 6-1 to win a \$50,000 Grand Prix event in Tulsa, Okla.

TRACK & FIELD—BENALDO NEHEMIAH of the University of Maryland set a world record in the 110-meter high hurdles, in San Jose, Calif. His time of 12.16 seconds broke the mark of 13.21 established by Cuba's Alejandro Castron in 1977.

MALPASO—FRED As coach of the New Orleans Jazz, ELTON MURPHY, 44, who had an 89-135 record in three full seasons with the Jazz. New Orleans won only 16 of 82 games this season.

Hired As basketball coach at the University of Detroit, WILLIE McCARTER, 32, a former NBA player and assistant in Dave Gavett, who resigned two weeks ago to coach at San Diego State.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



TIM GREENWELL
ALBANY, N.Y.

Tim, a senior at Cobleskill High, won the New Mexico 145-pound wrestling championship and has now won titles in three different states. In 1977 he was the 138-pound champ in Montana, and in 1978 he was Arizona's 138-pound title.

BETTY CONSTABLE
PRINCETON, N.J.

Constable has coached the Princeton women's squash recruits team to six national collegiate titles, including the 1979 Howe Cup. A five-time U.S. champion as a player, Constable, 54, has an 18-1 record in eight seasons at Princeton.

NEIL SIMONS
SEVERING, N.C.

Simons, 20, paced Clemson to a 61-9 victory over North Carolina State by driving in 10 runs and hitting three homers, including a grand slam. An All-ACC outfielder the past two seasons, he is hitting .323, with nine homers and 36 RBIs in 35 games.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BIO HITTERS

Sir

You've done it again! Each spring your special baseball issue rekindles my infatuation with our national pastime. I agree that "the game keeps all who care about it young."

As a lifelong Pirate fan, I found this year's pictorial feature on Pittsburgh's batting champions especially gratifying, particularly the classic, full-page painting of the late Roberto Clemente, who was, to my mind, the exemplar of batting excellence. But, alas, there was no mention of Matty Alon, 1966 batting champion with a .342 average. He had a .327 average for his five seasons as a Pirate.

GREGORY P. KALPMA
New York City

Sir

For a recently transferred Pittsburgher, it was very satisfying to see the article on Pirate hitters of the past. And the story on Dave Parker was excellent. New Yorkers can talk to me all they want about their fabulous Yankees, but no one can tell me that Parker is not the best player in baseball.

FRANCON STEIGELIN
Larchmont, N.Y.

Sir

What a great cover on your April 9 issue! Once Parker can clown all he wants about being No. 1, but Boston's Jim Rice means business.

CLYDE KRICHEVANSKY
Santa Monica, Calif.

AL BABY

Sir

At last an accurate appraisal has been made of the New York Yankees. On paper the Yankees are unbeatable, but baseball games are not won on paper. Your scouting report raised many questions about the Yankees. This just might be the year the Red Sox have more determination to win than the Bronx Bombers.

CHRISTINE PERACCHI
Boston

Sir

The Milwaukee Brewers are the hot team this year and you'd better start believing it.

TOBY WALTON
Milwaukee

No

As usual, I found your baseball issue informative and penetrating. However, in your scouting report on the American League East you said that both the 1954 Yankees and the 1954 Dodgers had just won two or more consecutive world championships. That is obviously impossible because they played each other in the 1952 and 1953 Series. And it is also impossible in the case of the 1910 Tigers

and 1909 Cubs, who met in 1907 and '08.

I'm sure you meant to say that each of the teams listed had won two or more consecutive league championships. And speaking of seemingly unbeatable teams coming off consecutive league championships, what about the 1969 Cardinals?

CLYDE A. CHILHAM
Houston

Sir

It's true the 1973 Bucs looked unbeatable, but they had not won two consecutive world championships, or even two consecutive National League titles. Pirate fans painfully recall a wild pitch by Bob Moose in the ninth inning of the final National League playoff game that gave Cincinnati the pennant in 1972.

THOMAS STEPHEN TERPACK
Pittsburgh

BOUTON'S VIEW

Sir

Although the years have not diminished Jim Bouton's somewhat overused ego, neither have they lessened his insight into the psyche of the contemporary baseball player (Sov. of "Ball Four," April 9). My congratulations to Ted Turner for giving Bouton a chance, to Johnny Sain for giving him a slider and, most of all, to Bouton himself for having the physical courage and the artistic desire to ply his trade once more. I hope to see Bouton back in baseball in another 10 years and in your pages again much sooner.

CHARLES E. WATTS JR.
New Philadelphia, Ohio

Sir

Jim Bouton's Son of "Ball Four" is inspirational, controversial, nostalgic, sarcastic, funny, informing, bittersweet and gon-level. Bouton must be a very concerned man. He has done and said it all.

JOHN VAILLIER
Mobile, Ala.

Sir

I'm glad Jim Bouton has decided to give up pitching, because now he can concentrate on writing. Baseball officials might not like what he writes, but it's the fans who count and obviously they think Bouton is special.

Thank you for the Bouton article. It's just one more reason why SE is the best sports magazine on the market.

JOHN DULTZ
Elk River, Minn.

Sir

Jim Bouton is one free agent I'd pay \$1 million to have on my team.

TOM BURKACKI
Detroit

Sir

Jim Bouton mentions that, at the Braves' minor league camp, some of the players told him that his book *Ball Four* had made the majors sound "like so much fun." They "were inspired to play harder so they would be sure to make it" to the big leagues.

I hope that his latest expose, which describes pot-smoking ballplayers, does not provide "inspiration" for today's young aspirants.

RIK STETSON
Banks, Ala.

TOO SPARTAN?

Sir

I can't believe all the fuss over the Lake Placid Olympic Village (The Olympic Get-away, April 9). The way the Village is being set up, with recreation halls and other desirable facilities, it really can't be that horrible, even if it is designed to be used later as a jail. The athletes won't remain in their rooms all the time. I'm sure their concentration will be on their specific events, not on the rooms they occupy.

DAVID G. HAMLEY
Jamestown, N.Y.

Sir

What did the visiting athletes have in mind? Waterbeds and wall-to-wall carpeting? I think it's admirable that the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee is trying to avoid a financial fiasco. Three cheers for American ingenuity!

SANDY DEBLAND
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir

The city of Montreal is having a hard time recovering from its 1976 Olympic spending debacle. It seems a sensible approach to create a dual-purpose facility that will be of value long after the belying athletes are forgotten. Perhaps it is time to abandon the Olympics. Their original purpose seems to have been hopelessly perverted.

FRANK A. DAMIANI
Tucson

No

The room I live in at the University of Massachusetts is 10' by 10', and it is barely big enough for me.

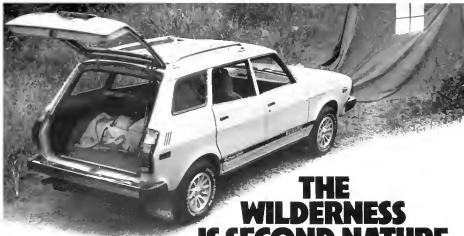
MARC THOMPSON
Amherst, Mass.

UCLA '84 (CONT.)

Sir

Frank Deford's article *The Team of '84* (March 26) is one of the best I have ever read in your magazine. I was a senior at UCLA in 1963-64 and a graduate student in succeeding years. I have also been an inveterate UCLA basketball fan since early childhood.

continued



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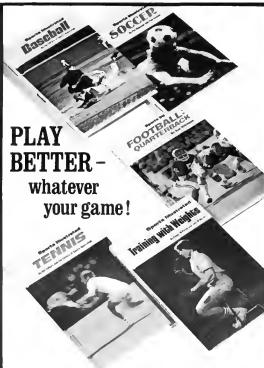
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19TH HOLE continued

hood, I remember how it was to grow up in the Los Angeles that Frank Deford described. He captured the mood of the 1950s and early 1960s very well. I can also clearly recall the beginning of the dynasty—the 1961-62 season, when Walt Hazzard (now Mahdi Abdel-Rahman) was a sophomore. You could see then, and in the following seasons that Hazzard had a kind of magic that made those around him better.

SAM SMOHLER
Los Angeles

Sir

Frank Deford did a fine job of capturing the spirit of those good days. Most striking to me was the portrayal of Keith Erickson's role as safety man in the press. I thought I was the only person who recalled how perfectly Erickson performed. Every now and then I have bubbled about it nostalgically to my son, who is too young to remember, and then sighed with resignation that such a performance was not enshrined in history. But now Deford has resurrected those magical moments, which means that lots of other people remember, too. Indeed, if sporting events are worth recalling, hardly anything could be more memorable than John Wooden's 1964 press with Keith Erickson as the unfailingly and indispensable safety man.

TOM McKNIGHT
Los Angeles

Sir

I found Frank Deford's article particularly interesting because I saw UCLA play on four occasions that year, including the NCAA semifinals and finals. As Deford explains, they were winners not because of superior physical attributes, but rather because of team-oriented play, that dreaded, effective press and Gail Goodrich's deadly shooting.

After the Bruins' win over Duke in the NCAA finals, I recall reading that Wooden remarked to his players, "Be gracious to those whom you have defeated on the way up to this pinnacle, because you will be meeting those same people on the way down." I always thought that was humbling, but sagacious advice.

MORGAN MELICANI
El Dorado, Kans.

REMEMBERING MCTIGUE

Sir

That was a great article by Robert Cantwell on the Mike McTigue-Botling Saki bout on St. Patrick's Day 1923 in Dublin (*The Great Dublin Robbery*, March 19).

However, in reviewing McTigue's career, Cantwell failed to mention a knockout victory scored over McTigue by Harry Krohn of Akron, in 11 rounds at the Freeport Sporting Club on Long Island as 1921. The fight can be verified in the 1941 edition of Nat Fleischer's *All-Time Ring Record Book*.

This takes nothing away from McTigue, because both he and Krohn were topnotchers. As Harry's manager, I tried for a return

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19TH HOLE continued

bout for Harry with McTigue, but McTigue wouldn't go.

Krohn, now 81 years old, is a respected citizen of Akron. He retired from the ring in 1925 and worked 37 years for the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company.

HAROLD WALSH
Barberton, Ohio

Sir,

Mike McTigue's pattern of staying out of trouble in the early rounds until such time as he could risk going for a flat-footed stance has been utilized by no less than Muhammad Ali. Unlike the methodical McTigue, the articulate Ali mugged and rope-a-doped until it was safe to risk going for the knockout. Mike rarely threw the "Mory Ann," as he called his right hand, because of very brittle hands. If you didn't buckle under the right hand when Mike hit you early, he put it in his pocket for the rest of the night. I know because my dad was a friend of McTigue's and sparred with him at his training camp all through the '20s.

JOHN J. McDERMOTT
Tinton Falls, N.J.

Sir,

I'm sure that none of the readers of Robert Cantwell's excellent article on Mike McTigue read it with more interest than I did.

I'm a member of the New York Athletic Club and was when Mike McTigue was the boxing instructor there. According to my diary, I first boxed with Mike, at the club, on Friday, Jan. 4, 1918.

At the NYAC, Dan Hickey, who was Bob Fitzsimmons' sparring partner, had charge of the boxing room. Paul Berlenbach was also a member, and I think Hickey was his manager when Berlenbach beat McTigue for the light heavyweight title.

After my first few boxing lessons, I told Hickey that I wanted to box in some amateur tournaments. I never made it, but I did box five exhibitions with Jack Kirk, a former all-scholastic tackle and later chairman of the NYAC boxing committee. Hickey refereed. My sixth and last exhibition with Kirk, who was about 15 pounds heavier than I, was scheduled for Grand Central Palace on Feb. 7, 1919. The night before, I warmed up at the club with McTigue, and after we were through I showed Hickey my right hook by hitting a pillar in the boxing room that I thought was padded. It wasn't, and I almost broke my hand. Being a shotputter on my school track team, I hit straight, the way they put the shot in those days, and I didn't have a hook. I still have a bump on my hand from that blow. That put me out of the bout, so McTigue boxed in my place against Kirk.

HENRY L. BOWMAN
New York City

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